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1883.

ARTHUR'S

ILLUSTRATED

HOME MAGAZINE



Vol. LI.

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No. 9.

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## **WOVEN BROCHE,** **NONPAREIL** **VELVETEEN,** **PLAIN LYONS FACE.**

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PLIANT,  
SILKY.

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BRILLIANT,  
SOFT.

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# ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

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## BRAIN & NERVE FOOD. VITALIZED PHOS-PHITES.

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# FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER, 1883.

Prepared Expressly for ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE from Imported Fashions.



Fig. 1.

Fig. 1.—Walking-dress made of dark green, plain and broche Nonpareil Velveteen. The underskirt is made of the plain goods laid in deep box-plaits; the overdress and jacket bodice are made of the broche; the skirt is looped very high on the sides, and bouffant in the back; the jacket bodice is plain.

Fig. 2.

Fig. 2.—Walking-dress made of black cashmere Marguerite silk; the skirt is trimmed with four ruffles cut in tooth-pick points upon the edges, each ruffle shirred at the top. The basque bodice is pointed front and back, with sash made of the silk looped in the back forming a drapery. The sleeves are trimmed with a deep ruffle to correspond with the skirt.



# FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER, 1883:

Prepared expressly for ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE, by THE BUTTERICK PUBLISHING CO. [Limited].

FIGURE No. 1.—LADIES' STREET COSTUME.

FIGURE No. 1.—Ottoman sateen of a Quaker gray color is used in the construction of the quietly elegant toilette here illustrated, and the same pretty fabric, with Pompadour lace and narrow Ottoman ribbon, furnishes the effective garnitures. The skirt has the customary proportions for either house or street wear, being made with a front-gore, a gore for each side, and a breadth for the back. A tiny knife-plaiting of the material decorates its lower edge and is overhung by a medium-deep, shirred ruffle, which is set on to form a narrow frilled heading. Upon each side of the skirt is arranged an effective drapery, the back edge of which is raised by four upward-turning plaits and sewed in for its full depth with the side-back seams. The top of this drapery is conformed by darts to the shape of the gores, and its front edge is sewed over the skirt dart nearest the center of the front-gore and below this laid in a cluster of plaits, the folds of which extend diagonally upward from the plaits in the back edge. Below this point the front edge falls free, except where it is caught to place



FIGURE No. 1.—LADIES' STREET COSTUME.

The pattern to the skirt is No. 8740, which is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure, and costs 35 cents.

The adjustment of the beautiful dress-body is close and effective, being produced by the usual double bust darts, under-arm and low side-back gores, and a well-curved center seam. The center and side-back seams terminate at the top of extensions just below the waistline, those at the end of each side-back seam being arranged in two backward-turning plaits underneath, while that at the center seam is turned forward on the outside in a *revers* and tacked to position. Hooks and loops are used in closing the fronts in this instance, and upon the hemmed edge of the right front underneath is sewed a frill of lace. Similar lace borders all the lower edges of the basque, and five bows of narrow Ottoman ribbon are tacked upon the overlapping closing edge at equal distances apart. A frill of lace finishes the neck. The pattern to the basque is No. 8741, which is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and costs 30 cents.

The bonnet is of fine Manilla braid, fine Manilla braid, and

low down with a single tacking. The back-drapery is made stylishly bouffant by plaits and tackings.

faced with net. Silver lace outlines the brim, and a bunch of tips droops toward the left side.

**8732****LADIES' BASQUE.**

No. 8732.—The pattern to this charmingly devised basque is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. For a lady of medium size, it needs  $3\frac{1}{4}$  yards of material 22 inches wide, or  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yard 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 30 cents.

**8738****LADIES' CAPE.**

No. 8738.—This pattern is in 10 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. For a lady of medium size, it needs 1 yard of material 22 inches wide, or  $\frac{1}{4}$  yard 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 20 cents.

**8741****LADIES' BASQUE.**

No. 8741.—This pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. To make the garment for a lady of medium size, will require  $3\frac{1}{4}$  yards of material 22 inches wide, or  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yard of goods 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 30 cents.

**8745***Front View.***8748****CHILD'S CAP.**

No. 8748.—This pattern is in 5 sizes for children from 6 months to 4 years of age. For a child of 4 years, it will require  $\frac{1}{4}$  yard of material 22 inches wide, or  $\frac{1}{4}$  yard 36 inches wide. Price of pattern, 10 cents.

**LADIES' COSTUME.**

No. 8745.—Plain suiting is employed for the pretty garment here pictured, and a plaiting of the same and a faucy arrangement of braid comprise the decorations. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. To make the garment for a lady of medium size, will require 12 yards of material 22 inches wide, or  $5\frac{1}{4}$  yards of goods 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 40 cents.

**8745***Side-Back View.*



8725

*Front View.*

8728

*Front View.*

8728

*Back View.*

8725

*Back View.*

## GIRLS' POLONAISE COSTUME.

No. 8728.—The pattern to the pretty costume here shown is in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years of age. To make the garment for a girl of 8 years, will require  $4\frac{1}{2}$  yards of material 22 inches wide, or  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards 36 inches wide, or 2 yards 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 25 cents.

## MISSSES' PRINCESS DRESS, WITH DRAPERY.

No. 8725.—This garment is made of white lawn and trimmed with Oriental lace. The pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age. For a miss of 12 years, it needs 6 yards of material 22 inches wide, or  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards 36 inches wide, or  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 35 cents.



8731

*Side-Front View.*

8733

LADIES'  
WALKING  
SKIRT.

No. 8731.—This pattern is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure.

For a lady of medium size, it needs  $8\frac{1}{2}$  yards of goods 22 inches wide, or  $4\frac{1}{2}$  yards 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 35 cents.

LADIES'  
JERSEY  
BASQUE.

No. 8733.—This pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure.

For a lady of medium size, it requires 4 yards of goods 22 inches wide, or 2 yards 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 30 cents.



8731

*Side-Back View.*



**8735**  
*Front View.*



**8735**  
*Back View.*

**CHILD'S DRESS.**

No. 8735.—This pattern is in 6 sizes for children from 1 to 6 years of age. In making the garment for a child of 6 years,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards of material 22 inches wide, or  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard 36 inches wide, or  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yard 48 inches wide, will be needed. Price of pattern, 20 cents.



**FIGURE NO. 2.—GIRLS' COSTUME.**

**FIGURE NO. 2.**—This consists of Girls' costume No. 8728. The pattern is in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years of age. For a girl of 8 years, it will require  $4\frac{1}{2}$  yards of material 22 inches wide, or  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards 36 inches wide, or 2 yards 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 25 cents.



**8742**  
*Front View.*



**8742**  
*Back View.*

**CHILD'S DRESS.**

No. 8742.—This pattern is in 6 sizes for children from 1 to 6 years of age. To make the garment for a child of 6 years, will require  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards of goods 22 inches wide, or  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards 36 inches wide, or  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 20 cents.



**8729**  
*Front View.*

For a girl of 8 years, it needs 4 yards 22 inches wide, or  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard 48 inches wide. Price, 25 cents.



**8723**  
*Front View.*

**GIRLS' BOX-PLAITED DRESS.**

No. 8729.—This pattern is in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years of age.



**8723**  
*Back View.*

**GIRLS' JACKET.**

No. 8723.—This jacket pattern is in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years of age. For a girl of 8 years, it needs  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards of goods 22 inches wide, or  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard 48 inches wide. Price, 20 cents.



**8729**  
*Back View.*



BEST.

ARCADIA

VELVETEEN

BEST.

WHAT LEADING FASHION JOURNALS, WHO ARE COMPETENT  
AUTHORITIES, SAY OF OUR GOODS.

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### Domestic Fashion Courier.

"Several brands are now being imported into this country, the leading and most popular of all being the ARCADIA, which has a close, even texture on the back, and a long, rich pile, which gives a lustrous surface so closely resembling the real Lyons velvet that few but experts can tell the difference. The ARCADIA stands upon its own merit. \* \* \* Ladies purchasing the ARCADIA will find they have selected a fabric that will not fade, spot, or wrinkle, and, with comparatively little expenditure, have obtained goods serviceable and of peculiar excellence."

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VELVETEEN  
(REGISTERED)**

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"Another season brings to us many of our old friends with even greater claims to our favor, and among them all none have improved the short interval between the last season and this to greater purpose than the ARCADIA VELVETEEN. For depth of beauty and richness of color and durability, the ARCADIA VELVETEEN is surpassed by nothing of its kind. It is shown this season in all the latest and most beautiful shades and tints that are ruling in the most fashionable Parisian novelties, and we would equally commend the exquisite designs in the ARCADIA BROCHE VELVETS, done in black and all desirable colors, which can be combined with great effect either with silk or woolen dress materials."

### Arthur's Fashion Magazine.

"A new velveteen has appeared this season, which is proving a great favorite. It is called the ARCADIA, being a Manchester production of exceeding fineness, depth, and richness of texture. It comes in all shades—dark wine, ruby, myrtle, green, and the new electric blue. Its pile is soft, close, and even, and experts cannot tell, except on the closest inspection, that it is not Lyons velvet."

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"The ARCADIA VELVETEEN is an improvement upon ordinary velveteen that is sure to be thoroughly appreciated, not only during the coming winter, but for many seasons."

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DIAPASON, (6) Grand Organ, (7)  
HARP AEOLIAN, (8) Vox Humana,  
(9) E. HO., (10) DULCIANA, (11) CLAR-  
INET, (12) Vox Celeste, (13) FLUTE  
FORTE, (14) Octave Coupler, (15)  
BOURDON, (16) French Horn Solo,  
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Five Octaves, fine Walnut Case of  
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French Horn Solo Combination, New  
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Stop, to control the entire motion by  
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best quality of rubber

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and are fitted up with steel

springs and the best quality

of pedal straps. THE PEDALS,

INSTEAD OF BEING COVERED

WITH CARPET ARE POL-

ISHED METAL OF NEAT

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AND NEVER

GET OUT OF

REPAIR OR

WORK.

Price,

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delivered

on cars

here, with

Stool,

Book and

Music.

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IF I want this beautiful Parlor Organ introduced everywhere immediately; hence the following \$15.25 deduction

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**Gold Medal, Paris, 1878.**  
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**351, 170, and his other styles.**  
**Sold throughout the World.**





THE ALHAMBRA.—Page 499.



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### SHORES OF THE MEDITERRANEAN.

#### THE ALHAMBRA.

FROM the great plateau of Central Spain, which rises more than two thousand feet above the level of the sea, descending westerly to the parallel ranges of the Sierra, or Snow Mountains, and thence to the maritime lowlands, bordering for the most part upon the Mediterranean, we arrive at a region of great natural beauty and one rich and important in historic association—the geographical position of the once splendid kingdom of the Moors.

During the seventh and thence to the ninth century, the Arabs or Saracens became a powerful and formidable people. Having extended their career of conquest from India on the east to Western Africa on the west, they, in the early part of the eighth century, passed over into Spain, the greater part of which having been depopulated, they crossed the Pyrenees into the unoccupied province of Gascony. But being defeated with disastrous slaughter at the famous battle of Tours, they retired from Gaul, and thereafter not only relinquished all farther attempts at European conquest, but



THE ACHAMIRA. — Page 209.

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rapidly lost ground in the Spanish peninsula. Nor was it until, according to the prudential policy of Alhamar, one of their kings, consenting to become tributary to the Christian powers, they were permitted to retain possession of a small strip of territory, not a hundred miles in breadth and extending perhaps twice that distance along the Mediterranean coast. But never, perhaps, by a people restricted to such narrow limits, were displayed such vast accumulations of material wealth, such enterprise, luxury, and refinement. Unlike the rude hordes of the North, by whose coming civilization had been well-nigh crushed out of Southern and Western Europe, these eastern Moslem invaders had brought with them learning, science, and many of the useful and elegant arts. The nations who repelled them from their territories were yet fain to adopt their methods, usages, and inventions. By their unparalleled industry and exquisite taste they converted the soil, originally dry and sterile, into a veritable garden of delight. Some of their beautiful cities became seats of learning and accomplishment, as well as of instruction in various branches of manufacture.

For nearly seven hundred and fifty years flourished the little kingdom of Grenada. Toward the close of the fifteenth century, however, during the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, the chivalry of Spain became ambitious to expel the infidel from Christian shores. Ferdinand, worldly and grasping in his policy, was only too ready to become the possessor of the fair lands and immense wealth of the Moors. As for Isabella, actuated by the bigoted zeal of the age, she readily consented to what she believed a Christian duty—the extermination of heresy from the land. Hence it was that, after a war almost incessantly waged for a period of ten years, occurred the surrender of Grenada, and Boabdil el Chico, the Moorish monarch, delivered up the keys of the Alhambra to King Ferdinand. "They are thine, O King!" he said, "since Allah hath so decreed it." But many of his people ascribed the woes of Grenada more to his feebleness of will and mind than to any supreme fiat of Allah. Certain it is, that the final downfall of the State had been hastened by intestinal strife and division, of which he and his ambitious mother had been the cause, and generally, too, it is believed that from want of fidelity or of personal valor on his part occurred the premature surrender of the city. Long after its desertion, from the high towers and battlements of the Alhambra, it is said that the brave and patriotic Moor, looking down upon his lost inheritance, would pour upon the name of Boabdil his own worst human curses, and then upon the soul of the poor King reverently invoke the dire vengeance of the Almighty.

After the conquest, many of the Moors followed

their fallen sovereign into Barbary. Those who remained were compelled to embrace the Catholic faith. In the sixteenth century, when, under the sway of the Austrian princes, they were subjected to great oppression, not only religious opinions, but social, household, and individual tastes and observances being interfered with. Perfect conformity to Spanish dress, manners, and customs was demanded; women were forbidden to veil their faces; parents were denied the privilege of using Arabic names in christening their children; even the bath, a special delight, was prohibited. Their persecutions grew insufferable, and provoked a rebellion in which hundreds perished. At length about six hundred thousand were banished to Africa, and to this event, the ejection of the most skilled and industrious of her subjects, is largely attributable the decline of the glory and prosperity of Spain. The proudest monuments of her past are the crumbling works of the Morisco-Spaniards.

Grenada, the central and capital city of the kingdom, was built upon two hills, the streets and elegant Oriental dwellings of which, embowered amid trees and gardens, occupied their slopes, while upon the summit of each rose an immense fortress, one of which inclosed the far-famed royal palace of the Alhambra. Around this glorious city of the hills lay the Vega—a lovely plain, which the combined taste and industry of the Moors had made almost a second Eden. Artificial winding channels had been cut, through which the waters of the Xenil flowed with all the freedom and freshness of the streamlet mountain born. The rich, passionate odors of tropic fruits and flowers, the plash of cooling fountains, the warble of nightingale and other sweet-voiced birds, filled the air. Everywhere and in everything the love of pleasure, so uniformly peculiar to the Oriental character, seemed to the last degree to have indulged itself.

The palace and fortress of the Alhambra, as has been stated, overlooked the city, for which, in its splendor, it was a fitting crown. The walls of the fortress crept around the crest of the hill, which was capable of a garrison of at least thirty thousand warriors. Until the time of the French invasion it remained well preserved, and was occupied by the enemy's troops. On their departure they so far demoralized its walls and towers that thereafter, in a military point of view, its importance was not regarded. Some time after its surrender by the Moors the palace became the favorite resort of various royal personages. When, under the dominion of Charles V, of Germany, that monarch conceived and executed in part the plan of a royal residence the glory of which should surpass that of the Moorish kings, some parts of the latter were torn down to give place to the royal edifice. To these changes have been added the sudden shock and violence of occasional earth-



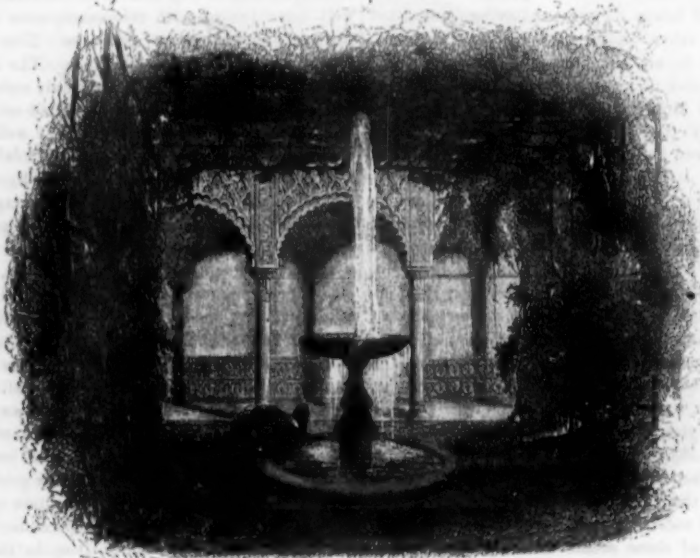
quakes and the slow, but not less sure, "dilapidations of time." But, notwithstanding all, the Alhambra is the most perfect of all the architectural remains of the world.

A gradual ascent from the modern city brings us to Grenada's far-famed ruin. The extensive domain has become, in fact, a sort of suburban town of itself, with a varied and changing population, but having a municipal government and a guard of superannuated soldiers. It is entered through some of the ancient gates of the fortress, one of which—the Great Portal, or Gate of Justice—was pre-eminent in importance and magnificence. At this grand entrance stood a spacious and lofty building, where certain officers held a tribunal for the consideration of small matters in

These are still beautiful, many of the ancient trees, avenues, marble seats, arbors, and fountains remaining. Underneath are wells of great depth and size, excavated in the solid rock of which the hill is formed and fed by perennial springs from the heights above. Of all the works connected with this royal habitation, time has least affected the hydraulics. The "immortal water" still flashes and dances as of old in pool and fountain and along the narrow conduits of the gardens and courts. Merrily as they sing in these desolate halls,

"Whose lights are fled,  
Whose garlands dead,  
And all but they departed,"

it is easy to fancy sad, almost chiding, looks in



MOORISH FOUNTAIN.

law. Upon the keystone of the high Moorish arch of the outer portal of this gate is sculptured an immense hand, and upon that of the inner portal, wrought in like manner, a mammoth key. At the building of this and other arches (so runs the mythic story), these well-known symbols of Mohammedan doctrine suddenly and miraculously appeared at the moment the workmen were ready to engrave them. Moreover, it has been asserted that in time this mighty hand will grasp the great key, the clasping of which will serve as the signal for the immediate dissolution of the world, above the wreck and ruin of which, however, this now crumbling fabric, the Alhambra, reconstructed and restored to its ancient glory, will ascend to Paradise. From this gate a walled passage leads us into the immediate grounds of the great palace.

the gray old towers, as they watch and listen to their sportive sounds and movements.

It would be difficult within our allotted limits to give an exhaustive description of the interior of this wonderful structure, even in its broken and fallen state. Other and graphic pens have done the subject all possible justice, and we can but glance at some of its most important parts. Like all the works of this Oriental race, it was delicate and graceful rather than heavy and grand. Marble, alabaster, and ivory entered largely into the architecture of wall, ceiling, and floor, arch, pillar, and corridor. The ornamentation was profuse, varied, and always costly and exquisite, consisting of arabesque in every imaginable and fanciful design, much of which was brilliantly colored with different hues of the rainbow or overlaid with gilding or spark-

ling frost-work. Mosaics abounded; these were of pearl, choice marbles, precious metals, rare woods, or prismatic stalactites flashing like jewels—all executed and arranged with consummate skill and art.

Courts, as in all buildings of Eastern design, were a prominent feature of the Alhambra. The most famous of these was the Court of Lions, situated in the central part of the edifice. In the centre of this inclosure was the celebrated fountain of twelve jets, the basin of which was supported by twelve lions, life-size, sculptured in marble and giving to the court its name. Around its four sides was a line of deep and lofty arcades, the arches of which were of exquisite open-work and rested upon pillars of marble, all of which was richly decorated and gilded. At the Fountain of Lions all persons having committed treason or other capital offenses were executed. According to an old tradition, whenever any desperate plot or conspiracy was being formed against the Moorish monarchs, the guilt of those having any part in the matter might be instantly proved by this same remarkable fountain. Hence, at certain times, the various members of the royal household and court, the king's body guards, even the slaves and servants of the palace, were led, one by one, into the presence of this silent but infallible detective. If innocent, pure and clear rose its sparkling waters; if otherwise, a single drop of amber color was thrown up from the alabaster basin which suddenly and deeply crimsoned the whole aqueous volume, which gradually faded as the trembling culprit was led away. Yet, strange to say, intrigue was not less frequent or deadly in its character in this place, which was often the scene of fierce domestic feuds and court factions.

Around the Court of Lions was grouped the largest and most imposing apartments of the palace. One of these seems to have been a vast festal saloon, the ancient name of which appears to have been lost. The arrangement of this spacious hall shows the manner in which the sultanas and senoras participated in the various entertainments by which life, aimless and indolent, was whiled away in this imperial domain. Along two or more sides of the apartment were pleasant, open alcoves, draped with hangings of Eastern silks and laces and furnished with couches and divans, whereon the lords might recline or sit at pleasure during the song or dance. Above, in equally sumptuous recesses, sat the beauties of the royal harem, their starry eyes gazing through the small interstices of golden Morisco lattices or screens. This lovely hall opened on one side into a garden of the palace, where palm, orange, and citron trees flourished, and from whence floated into court, hall, and chamber the breath of roses,

"And oh! what odors from jessamine bowers!"

But the splendors of the Alhambra culminated in the Sala de Comares, sometimes called the Hall of Ambassadors, which occupied the interior of the Torre de Comares, the loftiest tower of the palace. Along the front of the superb vestibule of this hall ran a gallery supported by small marble pillars, from which one might gaze down upon the Court of the Pool. This charming inclosure was about one hundred and fifty feet in length by about eighty or more in breadth. Much of its area was taken up by the great basin of the pool, which was supplied by two overflowing vases of alabaster, and bordered by a bank of flowers. Upon its surface floated the white blossoms of the nymphs, and a few shy fish sported in its central waters. It lay like a tiny lakelet within this vast house of beauty, an enchanting scene from which one might well have turned with reluctance, even to enter the dazzling chamber of Comares. This was the throne-room of the Moorish kings. The imperial throne was set in a deep recess, richly embellished with blazing gems. The lofty vaulted ceiling has fallen, but we are told that this, as well as the entire apartment, was finished and furnished with a degree of magnificence befitting its dignity, and when lighted by a thousand lamps and tapers that it "glistened and shone like a house of gold and crystal." From the top of the tower one beholds a transcendent prospect of cities, fields, forests, and rivers; mountains and verdant valleys; of ruined castles, mosques, and towers, while from its immense height one may gaze down upon the majestic ruin which it seems age after age to guard like some mighty and solemn sentinel.

The Alhambra—lofty and vast as it was, yet so light and fanciful in appearance—must have seemed like some fairy dream of loveliness fixed into tangible, material form. Like one of those golden temples we sometimes fancy in an autumn sunset, it must have stood resplendent, transcendent to the view; and who can wonder that, in the poetic thought and faith of the people who built and loved it, it should have been invested with an unearthly and imperishable character?

Of the Hall in which, with all the heavy ceremonials of their religion, the Castilian sovereigns took formal possession of the Moorish capital, we cannot speak, nor of the place where transpired the mournful scene of Boabdil's departure from his conquered dominions. These are more interesting in their associations than in their present appearance. It is impossible, even at this distant period, to repress our sympathies with these exiled people, as, with bitter lamentations, they took up their march to the lonely solitudes assigned them on the confines of their loved Grenada. A legend runs among their descendants in Africa that from a broken silver lute, lying in one of the miradors of the palace, there emanated dirge-like strains, which continued day and night, and which

so touched the hearts of the governor and guards that they determined to destroy it. But no mechanical or chemical change of the instrument or of the material of which it was composed could affect the "soul of music" which had animated it. Soon, more sweetly sad than ever, was heard its constant threnody, by which at length the officials and soldiers were driven from the fortress, which long remained unoccupied. It has also been asserted that the spirit of melancholy often took possession of the royal personages who attempted to make the Alhambra a domestic abode; that, because of it, Charles V abandoned his gigantic enterprise, and the Bourbon prince, Philip V, finding his beautiful queen, Elizabeth, falling a prey to its influence, cut short his sojourn within its walls.

Occasionally some of the descendants of the Morisco-Spaniards come over from Barbary on a pilgrimage to this ancient seat of power and splendor. Among the many bright pictures which they paint upon the canvas of their future is the restoration to their race of the whole Spanish peninsula. But we cannot share this hope of the son of the outcast bondmaid. In the shadow of a solemn prophecy, we read the prospective history of the wild and wandering people to whom he belongs. The Arab had his hour and his mission, even in this Christian land. This monument and memorial of both is befitting their character, and worthy, too, of better care and longer preservation.

HARRIETTE WOOD.

**NIGGARDLY LIVES.**—How many live a stingy and niggardly life with regard to their richest inward treasures! They live with those they love dearly, whom a few more words and deeds expressive of this love would make so much happier, richer, and better, and they cannot, will not, alter and do them. People who in their very souls really do love, esteem, reverence, almost worship each other, live a barren, chilly life side by side, busy anxious, preoccupied, letting their love go by as a matter of course, a last year's growth, with no present buds and blossoms.

## KATE GREENAWAY.

**I**N London, big and smoky, with its dun-colored fog-wreaths, lives and works Kate Greenaway, the artist whose pictures have made the whole world that lies akin to the heart of



KATE GREENAWAY.

a child acknowledge the power of her genius. Her magic pencil has transformed even our American home-midgits into the quaintest and loveliest of little antiques, with their "Mother Hubbard" and "Greenaway" gowns, and their sailor and grandfather costumes. Her name is a household word; her dictum as powerful as that of a court-designer; her *modes* as closely followed in the world of fashion and the larger world lying without that would be fashionable, as are those of a Worth.

A glimpse of her studio, a hint of her methods of work, just enough to make you wish for more, I will give you here, as was told me by a friend who saw her there in the summer of 1880. I do not need to describe her face, as you have it in the picture before you—all the kind cordiality, the sweet forgetfulness of self, the earnest devotion to

her work—a face that inspires confidence at once.

In speaking of her daily work, which is from nine until two, she said that each of her imaginative designs is wrought out by a hard, laborious process. She plans out all the little robes and quaint bonnets and funny old cloaks, to the minutest detail of each bow and ribbon and band, and she smiled as she pointed to them hanging there around the studio-wall, so motionless then, but soon to be alive again with charming curves and airy grace, when obedient to the little creatures within.

The little models have to be tied and buttoned and pinned into the quaint garments, to pose with many rests between; but the artist, with tireless pencil, must go over and over in dry drudgery, each line and curve, altering here, improvising



LITTLE BROWN-MAIDEN.

there, spending hours upon one little detail, that the whole may be perfect. Is it any wonder that the inanimate figures seem to walk, to speak, to pirouette and masquerade all along the printed page?

I look up as I am writing, to the quaint, tender exquisite figure and face of a little child, as dainty a bit as ever called a child-worshiper to homage, my "Little Brown-Maiden." She is my ideal of a certain demure grace, a sweet reserve, a childish questioning into the coming years, a gay abandon as regards all sorrow, present and to come. There she sits in a little, dull-brown gown, her hands in a big muff that, despite the weary body, shall be held with the air of a grown-up lady; the big bonnet, with its large bow to one side; the tired little shoes, creased and evidently dusty; so tired, they are, nevertheless, placed exactly in dignified

position, as befitting the wearer's tone of mind. Our dear "Little Brown-Maiden," not all the money that might be offered me in handfuls, could purchase away from my sight this exquisite water-color of Kate Greenaway's, that my friend bought to be sent over the sea, first allowing the artist to enter it at the London exhibition. I can only show you "Little Brown-Maiden's" face, but I think you will thank me for that.

MARGARET SIDNEY in *Wide Awake*.

### A RUSSIAN FABLE.

A PEASANT was one day driving some geese to a neighboring town, where he hoped to sell them. He had a long stick in his hand, and, to say the truth, he did not treat his flock of geese with much consideration. I do not blame him, however; he was anxious to get to the market in time to make a profit, and not only geese, but men must expect to suffer if they hinder gain.

The geese, however, did not look on the matter in this light, and happening to meet a traveler walking along the road, they poured forth their complaints against the peasant who was driving them.

"Where can you find geese more unhappy than we are? See how this peasant is hurrying this way and that, and driving us just as though we were only common geese. Ignorant fellow as he is, he never thinks how he is bound to honor and respect us; for we are the distinguished descendants of those very geese to whom Rome once owed its salvation, so that a festival was established in their honor."

"But for what do you expect to be distinguished yourselves?" asked the traveler.

"Because our ancestors—"

"Yes, I know; I have read all about it. What I want to know is, what good have you yourselves done?"

"Why, our ancestors saved Rome."

"Yes, yes; but what have you done of the kind?"

"We? Nothing."

"Of what good are you, then? Do leave your ancestors at peace. They are honored for their deeds; but you, my friends, are only fit for roasting."

NEARLY always, in cases of needful reproof or even counsel, indirect measures are more successful than direct ones. They imply more thought, more wisdom, more knowledge of the working of the human mind, and they win their way easily because there is no offensive attitude taken, and therefore no bulwark of resentment to break down.





## A MOTHER'S JOYS.

I'VE gear enough, I've gear enough,  
 I've bonnie bairnies three;  
 Their welfare is a mine of wealth,  
 Their love a crown to me.  
 The joys, the dear delights they bring,  
 I'm sure I'd not agree  
 To change for every worldly good  
 That could be given me.

Let others flaunt in Fashion's ring,  
 Seek rank and high degree;  
 I wish them joy with all my heart—  
 They're envied not by me.  
 I would not give those loving looks,  
 The heaven of those smiles,  
 To bear the proudest name—to be  
 The Queen of Britain's isles.

My sons are like their father dear,  
 And all the neighbors tell  
 That my young, blue-eyed daughter's just  
 The picture o' mysel'.  
 Oh! blessings on my darlings all!  
 They're dear as summer's shine;  
 My heart runs o'er with happiness  
 To think that they are mine!

At evening, morning, every hour,  
 I've an unchanging prayer,  
 That Heaven would my bairnies bless—  
 My hope, my joy, my care.  
 I've gear enough, I've gear enough,  
 I've bonnie bairnies three;  
 Their welfare is a mine of wealth,  
 Their love a crown to me.

WILLIAM FERGUSON.

### THE REED WARBLER.

**T**wo league-long wastes of knotted  
reeds  
And mirrored iris, straight suc-  
ceeds

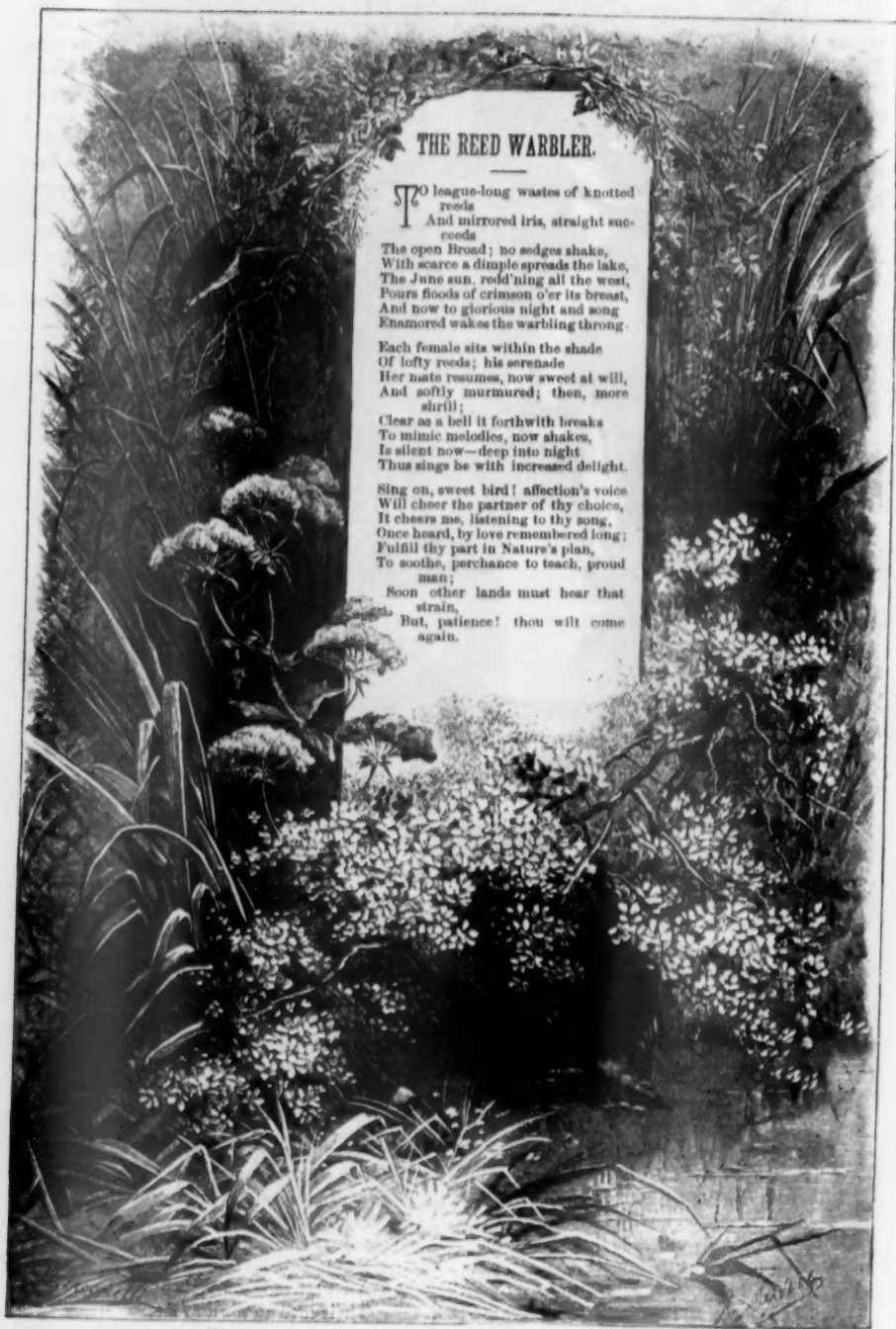
The open Broad; no sedges shake,  
With scarce a dimple spreads the lake,  
The June sun, redd'ning all the west,  
Pours floods of crimson o'er its breast,  
And now to glorious night and song  
Enamored wakes the warbling throng.

Each female sits within the shade  
Of lofty reeds; his serenade  
Her mate resumes, now sweet at will,  
And softly murmured; then, more  
shrill;

Clear as a bell it forthwith breaks  
To mimic melodies, now shakes,  
Is silent now—deep into night  
Thus sings he with increased delight.

Sing on, sweet bird! affection's voice  
Will cheer the partner of thy choice,  
It cheers me, listening to thy song,  
Once heard, by love remembered long;  
Fulfill thy part in Nature's plan,  
To soothe, perchance to teach, proud  
man;

Soon other lands must hear that  
strain,  
But, patience! thou wilt come  
again.



## THE REED WARBLER.

THE reed warbler is a migratory bird and is to be found in various parts of England, where it arrives in April and remains until September. Its usual haunts are among the marshes and watery districts. It is also to be found on the continent in the various localities suited to its needs and habits. The reed warbler is a great songster and may be heard throughout the day, but is said to delight chiefly in singing through the twilight of a summer evening. It will often mimic the songs of other birds. Worms, insects, and fresh-water mollusks form its principal food. In its upper plumage the bird is brown, the throat is white, and the under plumage of a yellowish white.

The nest of this bird is a marvel of constructive ingenuity. It is usually interwoven between the stems of two, three, four, or sometimes as many as five, reeds, with the seed-branches of the reeds and grass mixed with a little wool, all wound together so as to be supported at the same height, however much the wind may shake the reeds. It measures five inches in depth outside and often three inches deep inside, so that when the reeds are waving in the wind the eggs cannot roll out; and the bird has been seen sitting on it when almost every gust of wind forced the nest to the surface of the water, out of which the reeds grew. When the nest thus aways in the wind, the old bird will fix her claws into the sides, and thus keep her head to the wind, swinging perfectly secure. The eggs are of a dull, greenish white, speckled with olive and light brown, and are usually four or five in number. The young soon quit the nest after being hatched, and by means of their sharp claws cling with ease to the reeds. The cuckoo will sometimes lay her eggs in a reed warbler's nest. In Zohn's *British Birds*, a curious scene is related. Mr. Thomas, the observer, noticed a young cuckoo, perched on a rail, being fed by its foster-mother, a reed warbler:

"The difference in the size of the birds was great; it was like a pigmy feeding a giant. When the reed warbler was absent, the cuckoo shuffled along the rail and hopped upon a slender post, which projected about eight inches above the rail. The reed warbler soon returned with more food and alighted close to the cuckoo, but on the rail beneath him. She then began to stretch herself to the utmost to give him the food, but was unable to reach the mouth of the cuckoo, who, like a simpleton, threw his head back with his mouth wide open, as before. The reed warbler, by no means at a loss, perched upon the cuckoo's back, who, still holding back his head, received in this singular way the morsel brought to him."

The sedge warbler keeps up more of a chatter than a song, especially in the bushes and thickets

which fringe a river. It is a great mimic, and, like the reed warbler, often sings far into the night, keeping up a perpetual fluttering from twig to twig. His nest is close at hand, about a foot from the ground, at no great distance from the water, composed of dead grass, moss, and fine roots, and lined with hair, wool, and feathers. The eggs are five or six, and of a dull brown or dirty white. Like the reed warbler, it arrives in England in April and leaves in September.

Of the same family is the grasshopper warbler, which may usually be found in the localities of the other two birds. It also comes and goes in April and September. It is a shyer bird, secreting itself in the thickest coverts and creeping about among the stems of the herbage and reeds. It is small, greenish-brown in color, and has a long tail. Its nest is as difficult to discover as the bird, and few ornithologists have succeeded in finding one.

The beautiful accompanying illustration is by Giacomelli, and is taken from Cassell, Petter & Galpin's splendid volume, *Pictures of Bird Life in Pen and Pencil*.

## TRUTH RESISTLESS.

WHEN a grand, impetuous nature  
Is won to the rule of right,  
How he shines in every feature  
With the love of the living light!  
What a lustrous power is streaming  
From his mind to passion wrought,  
When the eagles of logic, gleaming,  
Rush down from the sky of thought!

His birds of the sun to pieces  
The vultures of falsehood tear;  
Nor beak nor talon ceases  
While a feather of truth is there.  
And the bats and owls of error,  
Assailed without stint or ruth,  
To the caverns of sin, in terror,  
Flee from the wrath of truth.

In those lurid dens they shiver,  
As they see, with fierce affright,  
The truth, like a crystalline river,  
Pour its flood of eloquent light.  
No longer for triumph seeking,  
They hide from the terrible strife,  
Where the joys of wickedness, reeking,  
Afford them a space for life.

Would you win resistless power  
In all that you say and do?  
Seek the truth of God each hour,  
And obey it earnestly, too.  
This lesson of wisdom is given  
By a life of modest worth,  
The humblest servant of Heaven  
Is the mightiest soul on earth.

JAMES HUNGERFORD.

## SOME OF OUR FERNS.

WHO does not love the ferns? Who does not delight to wander into the cool green shades where they most abound and feast his eyes upon their graceful forms and regale his senses with their exquisite perfume? Who, in sight of their transcendent beauty, could laugh at the warning conveyed in the quiet eyes and mysterious voice of his Irish friend, not to intrude upon the sacred abodes of the "good people" nor trifle with them for fear of dire punishment? Who, amid the deep, dreamy stillness, could refuse to believe the old legend that to their favorites alone the gods gave the magic, invisible fern-flower, and with it the same power possessed by the wearer of the ring of Gyges to go whithersoever he would unseen? Who, without a leap of the heart heavenward, could contemplate their filmy fronds and plummy tufts and waving banners, or, by a swift, yet intensely natural transition, finding his spiritual eyes open to a vision of fair, feathery, never-fading palm-trees?

True and wide-spread is the love for these beautiful objects of God's creation. We may know it by the play of the bright-eyed children who deck with them the sylvan abodes of their cherished dollies; by the pleasure of gay companies of youths and maidens, who laughingly adorn their broad hats and snowy robes with the odorous spoils; by the combination of fashion and refinement which softens with emerald fringes the gorgeous triumphs of the florist; by the varied blendings over motto and screen and plaque and medallion, the rare conceptions of the decorative artist; by the instinct of tasteful matrons, who add the bright green from their summer's rambles to the fleecy clematis and brilliant maple and blushing oak to wreath their pictures and fill their vases; by the pride of æsthetic gentlemen, who gather and import the choicest of all lands and climes to beautify their grounds and enrich their conservatories.

Wandering along rocky cliffs and by low grounds and through solemn woods, the unpracticed eye will probably discover but three varieties of fern. Perhaps the rambler will describe them thus: "That dark, evergreen fern; that fine, divided fern, and that coarse fern growing in the swamps."

It is scarce a matter of surprise that this should be the case, and yet "that dark, evergreen fern" may be *Polypodium vulgare* or *Asplenium ebeneum* or *Aspidium acrostichoides*—most likely it is the last, this being the handsomest and most widely spread. The "fine, divided fern" may be one or several of the various species of *Asplenium*, *Aspidium*, *Pteris*, *Dicksonia*, *Cystopteris*, *Phegopteris*, *Osmunda*, *Struthiopteris*, *Woodia*, or *Woodwardia*. The "coarse fern growing in the swamps" can scarcely be any other than *Onoclea sensibilis*.

But our most enthusiastic fern gatherers will very likely after awhile notice that there is a slight difference, even in the most minute lobes of the "fine, divided fern." Then the question will probably arise, "How many kinds are there, really?" And the sincere inquirer for knowledge, with a little careful study, can soon learn to distinguish generic, perhaps even specific, distinctions.

The classification of *Filices* depends upon their spores or seeds. The spores collectively are known as *sporangia*. As is generally understood, they bear no flowers, but produce their fruit upon the backs of their leaves, or, as is sometimes the case, upon a peculiar elongation of the *frond* (leaf) or even upon a separate, dissimilar one.

Among the most abundant inhabitants of our rich, rocky woods is the evergreen-fern (*Aspidium acrostichoides*). It may be known by its frond's being only once subdivided, each division having an earlike point directed upward, while the stem is clothed with light-brown, chaffy hairs. *Polypodium vulgare*, or polypod, resembles it somewhat, but may be recognized by the fact that its divisions do not extend quite to the central stem, which, therefore, has a leafy margin throughout its extent. The *sori*, or fruit of the *Aspidium*, lose their indusia, or coverings, early, and are bright yellow when mature, brown when old, thickly confluent, covering almost the entire back of each lobe, while those of the *Polypodium* have no indusia, are brown and in rather large dots, disposed along the secondary ribs, half way between it and the edge.

An *Asplenium* may be known by its pocket-like spores, placed diagonally along the veins. One species, the ebony spleen-wort (*Asplenium ebeneum*) somewhat resembles those just described, as it has simple lobes, is dark, smooth, and glossy, and is very abundant in damp, rocky places. It is long and slender in proportion to its width, but it may be especially distinguished by its black, wiry stem, and, as it grows older, by its generic difference—the diagonal *sori*.

The most widely spread, the most variable, the most graceful, the most exquisitely beautiful of these fairy-like creations is the lady-fern (*Asplenium filix-femina*). It is the one most likely to be meant by the "fine, divided fern," for in general terms it may be described as having a broad frond, divided into smaller ones, these also being finely subdivided, giving the whole a soft, delicate, fringe like appearance. This, pre-eminently, is the fern which grows in tall, filmy, plume-like tufts. The diagonal spores in this are small and almost white.

Scarce inferior in grace and loveliness is the *Dicksonia punctilobula*, which is also a fine, lace-like fern, with high, waving, feathery fronds, abounding in our rich, hilly woods. Of an ex-



ceedingly similar appearance to the lady-fern, it will, at first glance, be found hard to separate them. But it will be discovered that the small, delicate divisions of the *Dicksonia* incline more to roundness than those of the lady fern, besides which the spores of the *Dicksonia* are light, round, prominent, and placed on the under side of each lobule, giving it the effect of being punctured—hence, the specific name, *punctilobula*.

In the crevices and on the sides of damp rocks may be found a small, delicate, irregular fern, also having primary and secondary and tertiary divisions. It is dark green in color, quickly turning brown, and its sporangia are large and abundant, inclosed by delicate, bladder-like indusia, which soon divide and wither away. This is the pretty *Cystopteris fragilis*, or bladder-fern.

Among the other "divided ferns," the most easily recognized will probably be the beech-fern (*Phegopteris hexagonoptera*). This has a rather delicate, short, broad frond, shaped very nearly like an isosceles triangle, or one sixth of a hexagon. What is remarkable about it is, that the two lowest divisions, one on each side, deflect considerably from the plane of the others, and spring high above them at an acute angle. No one could fail to notice this, even if he knew nothing whatever about ferns. The fruit-dots are generally placed between the midrib and the margin.

Another is the brake, or bracken (*Pteris aquilina*). This is a great stout fern, sometimes growing to the height of five or six feet, numbers of them often forming a tangled thicket. The frond appears like a tall, thick reed, with a number of ferns growing upon it. One of these secondary fronds is about the size of an average primary one of the *Dicksonia* or *Asplenium filix-femina*, and is divided into smaller lobes, which are noticeable for being subdivided alternately, like the *Polypodium*, the lobules having a clear, straight border. This fern is of a light-green color, and its spores are under the rolled-over edges of the lobules.

*Aspidium marginale*, or shield-fern, has a broad, tough, thick compound leaf of a deep, glossy green. Its sori are placed along the margin, appearing when young like tiny snail-shells; but when older, with the indusium thrown off, more like the matured spores of the *Aspidium acrostichoides*.

Still another "divided fern," and one found growing in the bogs, is the *Osmunda cinnamomea*, or cinnamon-fern. This is one of the ferns which produce their sporangia upon separate fronds. The sterile, or leaf-fronds, are dark, broad, smooth, and somewhat feathery, the edges of the secondary lobes, however, being undivided. The narrow fertile, or fruiting fronds, appear to have been originally like the others, but the lobules have curled over into small, berry-like forms, inclosing the seed, and have become of a rich cinnamon color, their yellow stems closed with white, floccu-

lent wool. Similar in habit, but more circumscribed in locality, is the ostrich-fern (*Struthiopteris germanica*), which has a broad, divided, sterile frond and a black, contracted, necklace-shaped fertile frond.

The sensitive-fern (*Onoclea sensibilis*) also bears its fruit upon a separate frond, which, like that of the *Osmunda*, curls up, forming what appears like clustering berries. In the autumn, this turns brown, and remains above ground all winter, being readily discernible among thickets, rising above the snow. The leaf of the *Onoclea* is said to contract, like the mimosa, at the touch of the human hand, though it never did so for me. It may readily be distinguished by its light color, its great breadth in proportion to its length, its delicate texture, and its large, simple divisions.

In the grape-fern (*Botrychium virginicum*) the frond divides into two parts, the lower of which is like a broad, decomposed leaf; the upper, like a simple spike, bearing aloft a bunch of tiny berries. These berries are really small, altered leaves rolled over upon themselves and inclosing the sporangia. This fern is sometimes called the rattlesnake-fern on account of the fancied resemblance of its fruitful frond to a rattlesnake's tail. The grape-fern is found in deep, rich woods.

But the most delicate and beautiful of all our native ferns is undoubtedly the lovely, fairy-like maiden-hair (*Adiantum pedatum*). It may easily be recognized by its upright, brown, wiry stem and its spreading, umbrella-like frond, composed of tiny leaflets suggesting elfin wings. It is rather rare in some localities, and is generally found in high woods. From its appearance, few of us would think it closely allied to the coarse, stout brake, but so it is. It produces its seeds in almost exactly the same way—that is, under the rolled-up edges of the leaves.

The foregoing are by no means all of our native ferns, but they include more than most amateur collectors will be likely to gather. Those who intend to press their spoils will find the following the most satisfactory: Ebony spleen-wort, lady-fern, dicksonia, grape-fern, and maiden-hair. The others are mostly too heavy or turn dark in drying. The best time for gathering ferns for pressing is late in July and early in August, as then they are at their height. Never pull up the roots, as that causes wanton destruction of the plants. Those who wish to study ferns botanically can wait until toward September, for then the spores will be matured. MARGARET B. HARVEY.

UNLESS we are prepared to assert that all goodness culminates in ourselves and recedes from others in exact proportion to their distance from us, we must admit that our feelings are large factors of injustice in the judgments that we all of us only too ready to form.





### GRASSHOPPERS, OR LOCUSTS.

**I**T is an admitted fact that, in our pursuit of knowledge, we are apt to give to those subjects the most familiar the least thoughtful consideration, not that we believe them to be unimportant, but simply because we do not really *think* about them at all—we merely accept them. We have always seen them, always known them, and it is only for the reason that they are so familiar that we understand so little about them. Occasionally, however, these most familiar things force themselves upon our attention in an unfamiliar manner, and, as it may happen, become either disagreeable or pleasant. Such has been the case with the insects of which I write, popularly called grasshoppers, correctly termed locusts.

Come with me through the fields on a bright, warm summer's day, the sun fairly blazing over our heads and baking the ground beneath our feet. Cross this field, and from all sides, as we pass through the tall grass, arise swarms of our long-legged friends. They fly up in all directions, and we cannot plant our foot anywhere, that we do not disturb

them. Thus have we seen them all our lives, but, notwithstanding, how little have we really known of their formation, their habits, their lives.

Let us capture one of our nimble friends, and, subjecting him to the microscope, endeavor to see if we cannot find something about him both new and interesting.

The common red-legged locust, or grasshopper, of which I now speak, does not travel in swarms, as does the pest of our Western farmers, the Rocky Mountain locust, and, in consequence of feeding singly, its ravages are not so fearful as the apparently organized efforts of the last-named species. But the strong, well-developed jaws they possess were never bestowed upon them except for use, and being insects and not human beings, they invariably turn to the best possible advantage the abilities the Creator has given them, and therefore at times their ravages occasion great mischief. They, however, lack organized effort, failing to produce the overwhelming devastation that follows in the track of the Rocky Mountain locust swarms, and, as a consequence, the Eastern States are comparatively free from this Egyptian curse.

This red-legged field locust is a variegated tribe, some being green, some almost black or brown, some have long legs, some have short, some with many joints, others fewer, while some sing and the others are mute.

The head is oblong, bent downward, and bears some resemblance to that of a horse; the mouth is covered by a sort of shield projecting over it, and armed with brown teeth hooked at the points; the tongue, large and reddish, is fixed to the lower jaw; the two feelers, or horns, are very long and tapering; the eyes prominent and resembling two black specks; the corselet, or body, is elevated and narrow, and armed above and below with two ferrated spines; the back is covered with a strong, shield-like plate, to which the legs are firmly attached by huge muscles, which, in their turn, are surrounded by air-vessels, through which the insect breathes and which are perfectly white.

He possesses three pairs of legs, the last pair being stronger and more fully developed than the others, in order to facilitate the process of leaping. He has four wings—the anterior ones springing from the second pair of legs, the posterior ones from the third pair, and they, being much finer and larger than the first, become the principal instruments of flight. The abdomen is large and composed of eight rings, terminating in a forked tail, covered with down, like that of a rat.

Examining them internally, we find, besides the gullet, a small stomach, and behind that a large one, wrinkled and furrowed on the inside, and lower down there is still another, showing this small insect to be the possessor of three stomachs, being, one would think, more than his rightful

share, when we consider his size. So closely, in this respect, do these insects resemble the animals that chew the cud, that we may almost term them ruminant.

The male only is vocal, and, according to Linneus, produces his song by the aid of an apparatus resembling a small drum. It consists of a hole at the base of the wings covered with a fine, transparent membrane.

Toward the latter end of autumn, the female deposits her eggs in a curious manner. She is furnished with an instrument in her tail, which she can sheathe and unsheathe at pleasure and which resembles a two-edged sword. With this she pierces a hole in the ground and there deposits her eggs. They range in number from twenty to thirty, being bound together and enveloped by a mucous substance, which is water-proof. In the Rocky Mountain species, the insect will generally deposit four egg-sacs, resting between the deposits for a short interval of time. The eggs survive the winter frosts and snows, remaining unchanged in appearance until the warmth of the spring sun reaches them, when, about the first of May, each egg produces an insect the size of a flea and resembling a grasshopper without wings. They hop about in the grass, being at first of a whitish color, but finally turning a dark gray or brown.

During the next six weeks or two months, our insect undergoes five molts, and at the end of that time becomes a perfect locust. During the first four molts, the wing-pads increase in size, and during the last transformation, from the pupa to the perfect state, the thorax becomes swollen, the skin finally bursts, and, by a series of swellings and contractions, the insect throws off his last incumbrance and emerges a full-grown creature. This last process occupies about three-quarters of an hour, during which time they are perfectly helpless and often fall victims to their enemies.

The two species—the red-legged locust of the Eastern States and the Rocky Mountain locust of the West—resemble each other so closely, both in anatomy, transformations, and food, that it becomes a matter of difficulty to distinguish between them. The main points of difference lie in the wings of the latter being somewhat longer and the extremity of their tails being turned upward and more pointed; the tail of the red-legged locust is shorter, broader, and squarer at the top, resembling the stern of a barge. We give two illustrations, showing this difference in the species.

Let us now take up the Rocky Mountain species, the plague of our Western farmers, and give a short sketch of it.

This species is highly destructive, being both voracious and herbaceous. In fact, nothing comes amiss to the prodigious appetite of this insect. They will feed on the dry bark of trees or the dry bit of seasoned fence-planks, in place of

more acceptable food, and have been seen literally covering the backs of sheep, eating the wool. Nay, they have decided cannibalistic tendencies, and if one of their number becomes weak or disabled devour him without compunction. This, however, is only when food is scarce, for eat they must, exceeding in that respect the voracity of one of Mother Goose's heroes, who ate for his supper

"A cow and a calf,  
An ox and a half."

When food is abundant, they become fastidious and genuine epicures. Like an experienced gourmand, they show a decided preference for pungent and peppery food, and like it well-sauced with onions. Turnips, rutabagas, carrots, cabbages, and radishes are devoured with voracity; beets and potatoes meet with less favor, but will answer if nothing better suited to their taste is to be had.



The silk of the corn is a favorite article of diet, and the soft and tender leaves of the apple and sweet cherry, with those of the rose and lilac, form a good dessert, sometimes alternated by a feast of green peaches, strawberries, and blackberries. Like other *bon vivants*, they, too, like their tobacco, and still, with true epicurean taste, choose that which is old and dry, in preference to the green, which they very rarely touch.

The native home of this species has been determined to be sub-Alpine. They are denizens of high latitudes, and their principal breeding-grounds are in the valleys, parks, and plateaus of the Rocky Mountains of Colorado, Montana, Wyoming, and British America, where the altitude is great and the ground seldom becomes soaked with water. But if this want of moisture tends to produce them, it fails to furnish the means of subsistence, and as soon as the young become ready for flight they are compelled by hunger to seek more fertile lands, that they may find the

wherewithal to sustain themselves. Hence, they swarm down on the rich country of the West, leaving behind them a seared and desolate track wherever they have passed. It has been supposed that these swarms are led by a king or queen; such, however, is not the case, as the larger ones occasionally seen among them are of a different species, one being the coral-winged locust.

The Rocky Mountain locust is the only insect of this tribe possessing migratory instincts, and it is for this reason that it becomes such a scourge. The direction in which these invading swarms enter is from south to southeast, while the departing swarms take a northerly and northeasterly direction. The course of their flight is also somewhat regulated by the strength and direction of the wind, the dampness of the atmosphere, and convenience of their food.

Their minimum speed in favorable weather cannot be much less than from eight to ten miles an hour, but, according to our best authorities, these swarms do not commit any great havoc east of the ninety-fourth meridian.

These dreadful plagues, although they seem to bid defiance to human efforts, have their own troubles and have many natural enemies to combat. Among them, of course, the most prominent are the birds, while poultry and hogs devour them in immense quantities. Prairie chickens and quails eat them with avidity, and the little snow-birds consume great quantities of the eggs when they are brought to the surface by the alternate freezing and thawing of the ground. But they have other enemies, less familiar and so small that they might be easily overlooked. Of

these, the silky mite, a little scarlet creature about two inches long, is the principal one. It lives on the eggs, and has proved itself a valuable agent in their destruction. Among other enemies, we may name several maggots; one of them, the *anthomyia* egg-parasite, infesting the egg-pods and committing great havoc among them. The common flesh-fly, in its maggot state, not only attacks the eggs and the very young locusts, but the full-grown insect also, and there are two specimens of ground-beetles, with several others, the genus of which are yet undetermined, all of whom are the mortal enemies of the locust. These feed mostly upon the eggs and newly hatched insects, but the full-grown specimens have their own particular parasites, so that however much devastation these grasshoppers may cause mankind, their life, from the egg up, appears to be an incessant battle for existence. Many beetles and flies prey upon them, and, to add to their troubles, they are often infested by small, red mites, called "locust mites," hardly

as large as the head of a pin, and which attack the insect in precisely the same way a wood-tick does a man.

It is obvious that the best means of controlling the increase of these insects in their native haunts is to encourage and protect their natural enemies, the birds, and it is lamentable to observe how many farmers fall into the serious error of killing these little feathered friends, who, in reality, are his most useful coadjutors in the work of destroying the locusts. The comparatively small tax these birds levy on the crops should be gratefully rendered by those whose helpful friends they are.

The English sparrow, not feeding instinctively on these insects, would not be as useful in this way as those I have already mentioned, together with warblers, plovers, snipe, etc., which are naturally locust devouring birds.

According to trustworthy authorities, the most certain method of insuring against this scourge in the States subject to it is by especial attention being paid to irrigation, as the locust will not exist on a damp soil. Ditching extensively is also highly recommended. Next, as we find hogs and poultry so fond of these insects, would it not be well for the inhabitants of the infested districts to keep fully stocked with these creatures?

The same authority I have referred to before recommended that planting should be postponed as late as possible, as the young hoppers hatch out as soon as spring opens, and if vegetation is advanced will soon devour everything.

As to disposing of the dead insects, they may be burned. But why not extract good from evil and turn them to some account, using them as manure or drying them in the sun and forming them into small cakes to be fed to hogs and poultry? Indeed, these animals are not the only creatures who use this insect for food, for we find among the Ninevah sculptures in the British Museum one which represents men carrying different kinds of meat to a festival, and with them are some who hold long sticks, to which are tied locusts, showing they were held in enough esteem to form a part of a public feast.

We find them denominated under the head of "clean meats" in Leviticus (xi, 22), and in many parts of Europe, Asia, and Africa, as far back as the time of Herodotus, they were used for food. Pliny informs us that they were held in great favor by the Parthians.

In Morocco, at the present day, they are roasted, and habitually brought into Tangier and other towns by the country people and sold for food. The Jews, who form a large part of the population, only collect the females, believing that under their wings are to be found Hebrew characters which make them lawful food.

We have records of their having been used by

the Romans, and at the present day they are eaten in Russia and Africa.

These locusts of the "Old World" are almost identical with those of our "New World" scourge, the Arabs terming them "The Army of the Great God." From the time of Pharaoh we have fearful accounts of their ravages, and Paulus Crocius tells us that in the year of the world 3800 myriads of them were blown from the coast of Africa into the sea and drowned, and that their bodies, being cast upon the shore, exhaled such a dreadful odor that they caused a general pestilence. It thus appears that no country or land has been exempt from this plague, and that the small things of this world become mighty forces, baffling the superior skill and intelligence of man, the "lord of creation," and by their united strength rendering abortive his well-planned designs.

H. S. ATWATER.

## SONNETS TO THE SEASONS.

No. 18.

TO AUTUMN.

CERES.

**O** MOTHER Ceres! now I bring to thee  
Bright grains and ripened fruits, and from  
the tree

That skirts the meadow-brook, brown nuts and  
leaves

Of wondrous shadings, yellow as thy sheaves;  
Oh! wilt accept such humble gift from me,  
Who hast thy granaries full; since e'en for thee  
I cannot longer glean, nor, from the field  
That reapers once have stript of all its yield,  
Seek, for my sheaf, stray grains and broken straws  
And weedy twinings overfilled with flaws?  
For now the circling swallows glint the sky  
No more, calling their mates with mournful cry.  
Even Melissa from the field has gone,  
And I must offer what I have or none.

No. 19.

SEPTEMBER.

**O** MELLOW month! that like a buxom maid,  
Burdened with ripened fruits, through the  
sere glade,

O'er wasted fields, and 'neath the hazel tree,  
Makest thy way; now, almost, can I see  
Thy softly shadowed face, as, with thy lip  
Pursed for the draught thy sunbrowned fingers tip,  
Thou haltest by the cider-press, in van  
Of swart Hymettus and his buzzing clan;  
Or now, again, as in the reaper's path,  
Thou, like a gleaner of the aftermath,  
Deckest thy tawny hair until the gleam  
Sets youthful Damon in a tranced dream,  
And makes him think that Marsya's sweet tune  
Has called back in thy stead the leaf-crowned  
June.

GRACE ADELE PIERCE.



## THE TIGER.

WHATEVER doubt may exist concerning the courage of the lion, none may be entertained regarding the ferocity of the tiger. No more typical example of the reign of fury and fierceness in nature is known, and the simile which

of the average lion. Sir Joseph Fayrer, in his recent volume on the tiger, says:

"The size of the tiger varies; some individuals attain great bulk and weight, though they are shorter than others which are of a slighter and more elongated form. The statements as to the length they attain are conflicting and often ex-



A FIGHT FOR LIFE.

compares the nature which knows no mercy to the Asiatic carnivore is alike correct and just.

The characters of the tiger (*Felis tigris*) are as distinctly marked as are the features of the lion, while at the same time they are as specialized in their own way as are the personal traits of the latter animal. His size, to begin with, excels that

aggregated. Errors are apt to arise from measurements taken from the skin after it is stretched, when it may be ten or twelve inches longer than before removal from the body. The tiger should be measured from the nose along the spine to the tip of the tail as he lies dead on the spot where he fell, before the skin is removed. One that is ten



feet by this measurement is large, and the full-grown male does not often exceed this, though no doubt larger individuals (males) are occasionally seen, and I have been informed by Indian sportsmen of reliability that they have seen and killed tigers over twelve feet in length. The full-grown Indian tiger, therefore, may be said to be from nine to twelve feet or twelve feet two inches; the tigress from eight to ten or, perhaps, in very rare instances, eleven feet in length; the height being from three to three and a half, or, very rarely, four feet at the shoulder. But we must look with doubt on Buffon's statement that one had attained a length of fifteen feet, and with even greater hesitation can we accept the recorded statement that Hyder Ali presented a tiger to the Nawab of Arcot that measured eighteen feet."

"The personal characters of the tiger," says Dr. Andrew Wilson, from whose book on *Wild Animals and Birds* our illustration and article are taken, "include, firstly, a highly characteristic coloration and body-markings. The color of the fur may be described as consisting of a typical fawn hue, tinged with red above, while the most characteristic part of the coloration depends on the development of dark stripes which cross the body, running vertically on the sides and encircling limbs and tail. The stripes here and there seem to lose their defined character and to be replaced by black markings, which may be described as occasionally of an elongated oval appearance, or sometimes of more irregular shape still. The belly is white, and there are white regions on the face and on the back of the ears as well. It is notable that variations in color seem to be produced by local causes and by age as well. In old age, the ground color is said to be of a darker shade than in the days of the tiger's youth, while the black stripes assume a darker hue likewise. Again, in the tigers which live in the open ground, the colors appear to be of lighter hue than in the animals which live in the jungle and the forest. This result is probably due to some ill-determined correlation between the amount of light and the development of color. Analogy, indeed, supplies us with many similar instances, both in the animal and plant worlds."

Although at first sight no combination of color could seem less likely to afford a favorable concealment to an animal amid its plant-surroundings than the apparently conspicuous painting of the tiger's coat, yet, as Mr. Wallace remarks, concealment of the animal is effected by the mimicry which is wrought out in its colors. "The tiger," says this author, "is a jungle animal, and hides himself among tufts of grass or of bamboos, and in these positions the vertical stripes with which his body is adorned must so assimilate with the vertical stems of the bamboo as to assist greatly in concealing him from his approaching prey.

How remarkable it is that, besides the lion and the tiger, almost all the other large cats are arboreal in their habits, and almost all have ocellated or spotted skins, which must certainly tend to blend them with the background of foliage; while the one exception, the puma, has an ashy-brown uniform fur, and has the habit of clinging so closely to a limb of a tree while waiting for his prey to pass beneath as to be hardly distinguishable from the bark."

The markings of the tiger are thus seen to be absolutely peculiar, and contrast, in a very decided manner, with the spotted hues of the leopard or jaguar. The muzzle of the tiger is not so prolonged as that of the lion, but the shorter head is counterbalanced by a corresponding development of the jaws, bespeaking volumes for the strength which is exercised by the great Asiatic cat in the seizure of its prey. The pupil of the eye is round in the tiger, and the resemblance to the common cat is increased by the great "whiskers" with which the head is provided. These hairs, or *vibrissae*, as the naturalist terms them, constitute important and effective organs of touch. They are connected in an intimate manner with nerves, and in the "cats" at large perform sensory functions. The tail is not tufted, as in the lion.

The habits of the tiger are somewhat different from those of the lion; neither is it a tree-living animal, like some of the cats, such as the jaguar and puma. The tiger seems to haunt the neighborhood of rivers, and occasionally, when in the act of drinking or of pursuing its prey to the riverside, a *contretemps* similar to that depicted in the accompanying illustration may ensue. The tiger, grasped by the monster crocodile, struggles vainly in the grasp of the reptilian jaws. The claws, so effectively used on the body of the quadruped, make not the faintest impression on the bullet-proof armor of the reptile; and if the latter gains a vantage-ground in a secure hold, the great carnivore, himself the terror of the jungle and forest-land, may perish ignominiously by being drawn beneath the surface, where the foam-lashed and blood-dyed water will alone bear testimony to the unequal combat of higher with lower existence.

All naturalists agree that the female tiger is a far more bloodthirsty and fiercer animal than her mate. This seems especially to be the case when the cares and duties of maternity absorb her attention. These animals bear young once a year, and the tiger-litter consists of from two to five cubs. The tigress will encounter any and every foe in defense of her young, and it is at this period that incursions and raids upon the domain of man become most numerous. Sir Joseph Fayer says he has seen a tigress charge a whole line of elephants. Concerning their destructive powers no doubt can exist. It is estimated that an ordinary

tiger will kill a cow once every five days or so, and thus sixty or seventy head of cattle will be sacrificed in a single year.

The tiger's distribution is highly distinctive. It is confined to the Asiatic continent, and occurs throughout that immense territory from Persia to China. Its range extends southward through India to Sumatra, Java, and other islands of the Archipelago, including even the little island of Bali, separated by the narrow straits of Lombok from the island of that name, which belongs to the strange Australian area, wherein higher quadruped life finds no place. There are no tigers in Ceylon, and these animals are also absent from Borneo.

The tiger is a good swimmer, and has even been known to board a vessel by way of rest or refuge. It is probable that the swimming powers of these animals, or the fact of their being conveyed on driftwood for long distances by sea, may account for their existence in certain outlying islands of the Archipelago. It is also noticeable that the tiger, in addition to its powers of dispersal by sea, appears able to endure great extremes of heat and cold; for it occurs amid the cold and snows of Northern China and Tartary, as well as under the tropical climate of Bengal.

### THE LEGEND OF SAINT SEBALD.

The Saint came to the hut where a cartwright was freezing; he went to the eaves, and, gathering the rattling spears of ice, kindled from them a fire on the hearth.

THIS legend of Saint Sebal,  
So simple, pure, and sweet,  
Quite unaware our dear ones

In humble ways repeat  
Its text; they duly turn  
Hard ice to what will burn,  
And warm the hearts that yearn

With need and keen desire.

It is most like to be  
A woman, who in feeding  
The home fire patiently,  
Culls the ice fagots where  
A strong man might despair.  
I've seen a small hand tear

The crackling ice from eaves;  
Comfort was interfused  
Through all the heart of home;  
The dear house mother used  
The ice of discontent,  
The strong heart's evil bent,  
All piercings that were sent.

One dear and gentle woman  
Built better than she knew.  
Right steadily, but slowly,  
The warmth and comfort grew,

For all things ministered  
To comfort; the ice stirred  
To flame 'neath breath and word.

The cold and tingling fingers  
The spears were keen to cut;  
The woman-hands were tender—  
Yea, only firm to put  
Their shrinking tenderness  
Aside, and closely press  
What hurt them none the less.

The lips of this dear mother  
Would quiver as would yours,  
O dainty, sheltered lady!  
But "mother-love" endures;  
The sea-bird plucks her snow  
Of down, the lark nests low,  
And mother-love will go

With steps that do not falter  
To gather at command  
"The ice-spears" from the roof-tree  
With an inventive hand,  
To make the best of things  
That hurt—of cold that stings;  
Just what it has love brings.

This legend of Saint Sebal  
Ran through its every line,  
The loving arms in gathering  
Grew warm by the same sign;  
The hollow mouth was fed,  
Its chimney walls grew red,  
Cold hearts were comforted.

The mother-hands fed slowly  
The fire-place, wide and high,  
The room bloomed like a red rose,  
The wayfarer passed by,  
And blessed the path of light,  
That lengthened out at night  
Where the snow-fields lay white.

This fire built of the ice-spears  
Shone softly, yet afar,  
It drew the timid wanderer  
Afar, as to a star,  
And want came shrinking in,  
And the pinched face of sin,  
Pure love is sure to win!

She'll brighten with her home light  
A path o'er life's snow-field.  
God knows in what pure bosom  
"The cut hand" is concealed,  
That would not shrink, nor fild  
Its fingers for the cold;  
Angels its work have told!

ADELAIDE STOUT.

## GATHERING THE WILD FLOWERS.

"MAMMA, isn't it almost time that we were gathering the wild flowers that you promised to send to the readers of the HOME MAGAZINE?" asked my little daughter, one morning in the middle of June.

"Yes, it is time to begin," I replied.

"Can't we drive out to Little Wall Lake? There are so many flowers there," she continued.

"And it's just the nicest place for fishing!" said her brother Frank.

"And Lottie Harwood would like to go with us; she will help, and we will want so many flowers. Let me see," and Julia ran to my desk, and taking out a small note-book she read: "Minnie L. Williams, Foster, Rhode Island; Miss Louisa Hill, Nashville, Tenn.; Miss Mary Miller, Machias, N. Y.; Mrs. G. F. Delieu, Yazoo City, Mississippi; Miss Eva Hitesen, Knoxville, Ill.; Miss Louisa Vonderherf, Homerville, Ohio."

"Never mind the rest of them," interrupted her brother. "Tom Hazel would like to go with us, I know."

"And so would Lucy Brown," said Julia.

"And John Green," said Frank.

"And Harry Huntley," said Julia.

"And his mamma," said I; "but how shall we all ride?"

"Let us take the wagon and the farm-horses, and then we'll have plenty of room for our fishing-rods and dinner-baskets," said Frank.

And so it was arranged that upon the next Saturday morning we would go out upon our excursion.

About eight o'clock on the day appointed, a wagon load of boys and girls and dinner-baskets and fishing-rods, and two women to "kind o' see to things," as old Mrs. Green remarked, started for the lake.

"Happy?" I think they were, if the clatter of their tongues was any indication, and if there is a more pleasant sight than that of a load of children starting out for a day's enjoyment, I have failed to notice it.

How little Harry Huntley's eyes sparkled with delight, and what eager, excited exclamations burst from his lips whenever a young rabbit or flock of little prairie chickens ran scampering out of the road! He was only six years old, a diminutive little fellow, all nerve and brain, with no muscle to speak of—one of those precocious children, with minds developed far in advance of their physical systems, and it sometimes seemed to me that his mother was mostly nerves too, although a very refined and intelligent person.

"You have described the prairie to the readers of the HOME as we see it now, in the full bloom of beauty and perfection," said Mrs. Huntley as we rode through the vast garden of flowers scat-

tered everywhere; "but when you consider how little resemblance your pressed flowers will bear to these crimson buds just bursting from their green covering, have you no fear that you will disappoint where you meant to please? Just look at that little rosebush by the roadside, not more than a foot high, but bearing five opening buds and four full-blown blossoms; now, when you break off the blossoms singly, press and dry them, put them into envelopes, and send them to some remote part of the United States, and they fall so far short of their natural beauty that you are called a fraud for your trouble, you will regret having made so rash a promise. Now, what in the world ever made you do it and in such a wholesale sort of a way, too?"

"I confess that my offer has been accepted far more extensively than I had anticipated," I replied, "but every one of the letters asking for flowers have been written by intelligent persons, who will not expect me to cut out an acre or two of prairie and send in its natural state to each applicant; but when I have fulfilled my promise to the best of my ability, I shall trust to their generosity to overlook whatever may fall short of their expectations. I shall make every effort to please, and I have written to friends in Wyoming Territory for some of the far-famed sage-brush, to add to our own natural varieties."

"Well, you are scattering flowers, to be sure, to send clear to Wyoming for sage-brush to fling over the country from Maine to Mississippi, but I hope that you will not give more disappointment than pleasure, and for my own part I do not like to have these beautiful blossoms disgraced by comparison with the dried specimens which you will send."

Her words made me feel slightly uncomfortable, but they had not the power to deter me from my purpose.

After a ride of six miles we reached our place of destination.

There are two walled lakes in Iowa, Great Wall Lake, lying in the south part of Wright County, and Little Wall Lake, between the towns of Belmont and Clarion, about six miles distant from either place, and it was at the smaller sheet of water that we halted. I think I have described it to you in a former article, and I will only say to my young readers—imagine a basin of water about one and a half miles in width and two in length, with a stone wall from six to eight feet high extending four-fifths of the way around it, and a belt of shining sand, about thirty feet in width, encircling it between the water and the wall; and half a dozen boys standing along the shore with fishing rods, ever and anon landing a floundering specimen upon the clear white sand, while half a dozen girls are running hither and thither over the surrounding prairie, gathering flowers and pick-

ing wild strawberries; and two women looking about, trying to select the most pleasant and shady place in which to spread the table-cloths and eat the dinner when the proper time comes, with the strong farm-horses standing quietly in the background, tied to the wagon, from which the spring seats had been removed, and for our convenience placed in the shade, and you have the whole scene before you. A skiff was tied to a stake at the side of the lake, and after the boys had fished awhile and the girls rambled around awhile, we took a ride upon the water, half a dozen at a time, Mrs. Huntley going with one boatload and myself with the other, taking care not to row very far from the shore, so that if any one of us should fall overboard we could wade out.

After rowing about as long as we desired, we landed and arranged the contents of our dinner baskets in the shade, with the addition of the wild strawberries which the girls had gathered, and water brought from a clear, cold spring a little distance away, and partook of a dinner which the boys declared lacked nothing except some of their fish, which ought to have been fried to perfect the repast.

The girls wanted to gather more flowers and strawberries after the dinner was over, and the boys wanted to go around to the other side of the lake and fish awhile longer, so we concluded to wait an hour or two before starting homeward. Mrs. Huntley wandered off with the girls, while I remained to place the flowers in a large book which I had brought for the purpose, that they might not have time to wither before being pressed.

"Look, mamma," said my little girl, holding up two wild roses, "here are two flowers that I wish to have sent to those children of whom Grandmother Delieu, of Yazoo City, wrote to you."

"And here is one that I want to send to the grandmother herself," said her brother. "I think more of one grandmother than of all the little girls I know."

"That's because you're a boy," said Fanny Brown, as she ran off after the other girls, with a laugh.

Some little time had elapsed, and I had forgotten everything else in my absorbing employment, when my attention was attracted by the splashing of water. Hastily glancing toward the lake, I saw that little, mischievous Harry Huntley alone in the boat, about thirty yards from the shore. He had left the other boys and come back unobserved; he had untied the boat, climbed in, and pushed it off, and was out where the water was ten or twelve feet deep when I discovered him. A single glance revealed the situation. He was a nervous, excitable child, and if he should become frightened from any cause, he would, in all

probability, upset the boat and be drowned, for he was as completely beyond the reach of any timely aid as if he had been in the middle of the ocean.

The first note of alarm would bring his mother shrieking hysterically along the shore and increase the peril to which the child was already exposed, and if I could do anything it would be without her aid.

In a moment I had reached the water's edge.

"Harry," I said, quietly, "come back and take me with you, please."

"Yes, ma'am, if I can turn the boat around," he said.

"Take in the oar on this side and row with the other," I said.

He obeyed, and the boat swung slowly round until it was headed for the shore.

"Now row with both oars and row straight ahead," I said; and you can imagine the intense excitement with which I watched the effort. He was only six years old, not at all strong for his age, and the little arms reminded me of knitting-needles, they were so very small and slender; but it was not of their size, but their strength, that I thought of then.

There was a light breeze blowing from the shore, and I doubted his ability to bring the boat up against it.

For the first few moments it moved toward the land, but it came more and more slowly, and long before it reached a point to which I had intended to wade out and meet him, it came to a stop, then began to drift back in spite of all his efforts. My voice trembled a little as I said:

"Harry, I am afraid that it will tire you to row the boat up here. Just take in the oars and sit flat down in the bottom of the skiff and let it sail across and I will walk around to meet you."

It seemed almost like launching him upon the waters of eternity, but there was no other way. The wind was blowing quarteringly across the lake, and I calculated that it would land him about half a mile from where I stood. If he would remain perfectly quiet, he might reach the point in safety; but I had never known him to remain in a state of inactivity more than two minutes at one time, and if he should become restless and reach over the side of the boat to play in the water—

A hundred fears flashed across my mind at once, but he took in the oars and sat down obediently.

"Harry," I called out to him, "do you see that flock of little ducks across yonder?"

"Yes," he answered, delightedly.

"What pretty pets they would make. If you had them you could let them swim in a tub, where you could watch them. Now sit perfectly still; don't move at all, or you might frighten them away, and when you sail across perhaps we can catch them."



"I'll keep *just as still*," he said, lowering his voice and fixing his eyes upon the young brood, while, with nerves strung to a most painful tension, I walked along the shore.

Not for a single instant did I take my eyes from the boat with its precious freight, and at length I saw the little head nodding sleepily and a few moments later he sank back in the bottom of the skiff and I knew that his peril was less imminent.

Presently Mrs. Huntley appeared upon the top of the wall near me.

"Do you know where Harry is?" she asked.

"He is sleeping," I replied.

She came down through a crevice in the wall and joined me.

"Poor little fellow; I am glad he went to sleep," she said.

"So am I," I answered.

"Mercy on us! how pale you are!" she exclaimed. "Have you been taken with a sudden illness?"

"Not that I am aware of; but I do feel strangely," I replied.

"And still you keep walking right on, as if for a wager," she said. "Why don't you turn back?"

"I want to reach a certain point upon the shore," I answered.

"Look! the boat has floated away! It must have been very carelessly tied, and I left my shawl in it, too," said Mrs. Huntley, chatting away in her light-hearted fashion, while I was distracted with terrible fear lest the little fellow should waken and fall into that deep, dark water.

Nearer and nearer drifted the skiff, with the rippling waters splashing against its sides, as playfully as if no precious life depended upon its voyage; but at last it came into shallow water, and, with a trembling grasp, I seized and drew it upon the shore.

I never heard such a shriek in all my life as that woman gave, as her glance fell upon the sleeping form curled up on her shawl, with his head resting upon his arm and his hat jammed down over his face just enough to protect it from the scorching rays of the sun, and totally unmindful of having been literally "Rocked in the cradle of the deep."

"Oh! oh! oh!" shrieked the mother, while every particle of color receded from her face and she seemed about to sink upon the sand.

The little fellow started up, rubbed his eyes, looked about him, and said:

"What's the matter, mamma? You're went and made a noise and scared away the little ducks! Did you get scratched on the rose-bushes?" he asked, as she continued to cry and scream.

"You said he was asleep!" she said, looking at me as if I had been guilty of a great crime.

"Wasn't he?" I asked.

"Yes; but you didn't tell me that he was not lying over there in the shade upon the cushions," she said, reproachfully.

"Would it have added anything to your happiness for the last fifteen minutes if I had told you all about it?" I questioned, "and what would you have done if I had?"

"Oh! I should have—have—"

"Shrieked and screamed, wakened him while he was out upon the deep water, and made him upset the boat," I interrupted.

"Yes, I am afraid I would; but when I looked at the skiff floating away out upon the lake, just think how calmly I watched it, when my only child was in such deadly peril! No wonder you were so white, if you knew it all the time, and I don't see how you could have kept it all to yourself, when you were in such a state of excitement," and she clasped the little one in her arms, declaring that he should never go out of her sight again.

As soon as we could collect our party, we started homeward—boys and girls with flowers, fish and strawberries, and the memory of a pleasant day, which I wish that all the young readers of the HOME MAGAZINE could have enjoyed with us. Next week you will receive the pressed specimens, and although they may not be equal to your expectations, please accept them as a token of good will.

ISADORE ROGERS.

## SCANDAL.

O H! why do we so oft accuse  
Our fellow-men of ill?  
The lesson that the Master taught  
Rolls down the centuries still.  
If he among us without sin  
Were first to cast a stone,  
We might, in all humility,  
Let others' faults alone.

If we would strive to find the good  
Innate in every man,  
And judge, where we may judge at all,  
As kindly as we can;  
If o'er our neighbors' petty sins  
The grace of silence throw,  
This world would be a fairer place,  
A glimpse of Heaven below.

To travel in the self-same path  
We may not all agree;  
The one our neighbor deemeth best  
Is naught to you or me.  
Each lip holds secrets of its own  
Another cannot know,  
And where we only look for weeds  
Perchance the roses grow.

MARION E. PICKERING.

## GUY MURRAY'S SISTER-IN-LAW.

IN TWO PARTS.

## PART SECOND.

STEVEN TRACY'S VIEW.

I WAS not favorably impressed with Guy's portrait of his new relative—doubtless, a somewhat conceited young person, with "views," and that determined, positive way of presenting them so offensive in a woman. A creature with a mission, too! A reformer in fashion! There could be no question as to the balance of a feminine mind possessed with that idea.

However, as there seemed no escape from meeting this woman of character sooner or later at the house of my friend, I accepted the formidable invitation to dinner with the grim satisfaction of facing a disagreeable necessity without attempt at evasion and having the shock over as speedily as possible. There would be, at least, the comfort of little Mrs. Murray's charming hospitality, and this, with its running grace of pretty talk, which one can never recall when the sweet sound passes, would go far toward softening the sharp angularities of her strong-minded sister. My friend Murray's wife is really a delightful companion, with just that sympathetic, harmonizing social quality which moves her always to a clever adjustment of her individual feeling to the prevailing mood of the company. She might not be able, indeed, to strike out her own path in the tangled thickets of life, but she would very cheerfully follow yours.

"Ah! so here he is at last!" she cried, joyously, coming forward with Murray to greet me as I entered the parlor. "I've just been longing for your arrival, which pleasantly interrupts the grave discussion going on between Jean and Murray, who are always arguing. I have the pleasure, Sister Jean, of presenting Mr. Steven Tracy, whom you know as the David to Guy's Jonathan—Miss Jean Russell, the dearest sister in the world, Mr. Tracy, and the truest of friends, as I trust you will find."

The perfect figure rising in acknowledgment of this running introduction, which committed both, was certainly suggestive of no mental angularities; the fine, harmonious proportions beautifully outlined by the dress of soft, warm-hued material, exquisitely draped, but with entire absence of the tawdry shreds and patches of fashionable adornment that would insensibly have cheapened the artistic effect at which the wearer may have aimed, though you would not think of the aim in contemplation of the felicitous result.

"And I am very glad you are here," remarked, in a rich, mellow voice, this latest fungus on my bachelor friendship, very sweetly emphasizing the welcome of Sylvie and Murray, as she cordially

gave me her hand, while her clear, gray eyes, under their firm, level brows, looked into mine with the frankness of old acquaintance. "Perhaps you might agree with me?"

"I could hardly fail to do so," I answered, less gallantly than sincerely, as I sat down in the chair nearest her, with a wondrously at-home feeling.

What manner of girl was this, to establish on the instant a claim to my moral support in a cause which I virtually espoused on faith?

"Are we not largely responsible for the wrongs which we condemn in others?" she asked, with a look appealing straight to that higher consciousness not frequently challenged on first introduction to the conventional young lady.

"See here, Steven," smiled Murray, with warning gesture, "don't let yourself be roped into an admission which will hamper the freedom of your brother man."

"There they are at it again!" laughed little Mrs. Sylvie, folding her dimpled hands and glancing from one to the other with cheering assent to the propositions of each.

"Really," I said, blindly feeling my way between the two; "we are linked in such a network of cause and effect that it is sometimes difficult to adjust our relations and to decide justly between mutual action and reaction, where the responsibility rests; but I am very positive that, given my choice of subjects in the possible range of my influence, I should be only too happy to assume the blame and suffer the penalty for whatever wrongs they might commit."

This far-reached point of admiration was not marked by the slightest token of recognition in the clear-cut, unflushed face, with its deep, seeking eyes still looking into mine with an earnestness which, for the moment, waived all speech not aimed at the shining mark.

"But if, in this web of fate, when one cannot move without pulling the thread that tangles his neighbor," said the girl, appealingly, "should not every action of the strong be taken with thought for the weak, who, without the bracing support of surrounding powers, may rend the social fabric in vain struggle and helpless downfall?"

"Once establish a duty of oversight and a sense of accountability like that, my careful sister," declared Murray, "and you would rob a man of all original force and power of accomplishment, making him a nervous, meddling, moralizing wretch, who would inevitably clog the wheels of progress and number himself with the tottering wrecks whom he vainly imagines he is helping to save."

"Now I should say, Miss Russell," I ventured, in qualification of my friend's sweeping disclaimer of responsibilities, "that in this social complication and involution of interests, wherein no man

lives to himself, but each is unavoidably affected by the other's vice or virtue; the best that any of us can do is to act conscientiously, 'with love toward all and malice toward none,' trusting the influence of our example to exercise whatever inspiring or restraining force we may be commissioned to contribute to the general good."

What Miss Russell's acceptance of my principle might be, I could only judge by the luminous smile dawning like sunrise in her eyes. But her speech was cut short by the entrance from the music-room of Sylvie's friend, Marie Howard, accompanied by young Jarl Russell, whose fine, sensitive face already showed the tracery of indulgences into which he had been betrayed by Heaven knows what taint of inheritance or charm of social influence, which the flexible lips did not indicate sufficient native strength of will to resist.

The conversation drifted at once to lighter topics, and I was rather gratified to discover in the delightful hour which followed Mrs. Sylvie's lead to the dining-room that Miss Russell could laugh and jest with as thorough an abandon to pleasure as though there were no grave moral questions to decide, her ready humor serving as the brightest inspiration to the social enjoyments of the occasion.

It was only when the wine was brought in and sat down at the hand of our genial host that an imperceptible shadow seemed to chill for a moment the happy flow of soul, though no visible token of notice marked the event. But there was just that steely, though polite, assertion of defiance of manner in Murray as he filled the glasses, just that flush of face and greed of touch in young Russell as he helped himself from the salver, just that irrepressible shudder and pained drooping of the eyes in Miss Jean, which revealed to me the real significance of the question I had found under discussion when I entered the house, and which had ended without convincing Murray, evidently, of the necessity of abridging his freedom simply to save the weaker brother from temptation.

However, the conversational tide, briefly checked, rose and ran again with flash and sparkle of wit, to which Jarl gave the brilliancy of his sister's languishing fire; for the first flush of wine imparted to him that swift mental stimulus which is its fatal fascination to shy, sensitive temperaments suddenly gifted with a flattering rush of thought and freedom of expression which succeeding deadness of sensibility partially deprives them of the pain of losing.

Not more from thoughtless habit than from desire to avoid the appearance of offering a rebuke to my friend at his own table, I lifted my glass to my lips in response to his pleasant toast. But I sat it down again untasted. Why? The soft, seeking eyes suddenly raised to mine brought to memory

the lofty principle which a little while ago I had laid down as a rule of action, and, if not here, where should I apply the vaunted test of example?

Murray looked at me with an expression half contemptuous, half respectful, but made no reference in ill-timed speech to my unwonted abstinence.

Not long after dinner, Miss Howard, pleading previous engagement, took her leave, attended by Russell, whose lightning wit was already a little wide and wavering in point, though he was blissfully unconscious of any failure of mark.

With studied avoidance of all subjects which might lead to disturbing personal differences of feeling, the evening passed in delightful review of our pleasures in art, literature, the drama, and the world's work and progress in the various fields in which we had mutual interest; and I was not only surprised by the swift insight and comprehensive grasp of thought artlessly displayed in the criticisms of Murray's sister-in-law, but I was charmed by the breadth of her womanly sympathy in matters usually set aside in general society by feminine indifference or prejudice of feeling, which does not admit of their intelligent and agreeable discussion. Yet there was not, withal, that distasteful intrusion and assertion of opinion which I had expected to find in this self-sustained young lady. She had, on the contrary, that graceful and gracious deference to your views, that quiet, questioning way of putting her original suggestions, which made them seem your own, or gave you a flattering feeling that they could only become opinions by your acceptance.

But as the evening wore on she grew absent, with some evident disturbance of feeling, which at last found expression in wonder concerning the protracted stay of Jarl, who was expected to return and accompany her home at an hour long past.

"He is, no doubt, holding a happy musical reunion with Miss Marie, and has totally forgotten his duty to you," said Murray, carelessly disposing of the trouble; "but if you must really go home, Jean, I will do myself the honor to escort you."

"I appeal to your generosity, Miss Russell," I said, rising for favor. "Restrict Benedict to his paradise, and grant a forlorn bachelor the happiness of offering his protection."

"You are very kind—thank you both," she responded, absently, passing us without other recognition of our proffered service. But when she came down in her wraps she took affectionate leave of Sylvie, bade Murray good-night, and put her hand upon my arm.

We had barely gained the street, however, when she released herself, pausing to say:

"I hope you will excuse me, Mr. Tracy. I have an errand which I can best accomplish alone. I avoided explanations in the house to escape oppo-

sition and argument, but I trust you to offer neither."

I hesitated. The trust was hard to fulfill. But seeing the folly of expostulation with this quietly resolved young person, I simply bowed and clasped her hand in friendly leave-taking.

"The good sense of Miss Russell," I said, "is warrant for her action, and forbids the urgency of my protective rights."

Nevertheless, with vague suspicion of the nature of her errand, I determined to watch the result, with readiness to meet the possible need of my rejected attentions, and, waiting until she had passed far enough down the street to escape notice of my movements, I followed at her own swift pace, keeping her light, graceful figure clearly in view among the few pedestrians abroad at that late hour. Once or twice I fancied a nervous faltering before the windows of divers drinking-saloons, casting their baleful light across the way, but there was no certain pause until she reached the entrance of a fashionable club-house, where, standing for a moment with hands clasped involuntarily to her heart, she boldly went in, like Daniel to the lions' den.

With hasty strides I made my way in by a side entrance, seeing far on the drift of a snowflake face against the cloud of smoke enveloping the place in blue haze, and the outline of a perfect hand lifted in beckoning gesture at the open door of the billiard-room. Presently, Jarl Russell, showing in flushed countenance and staggering gait the effect of later indulgence in pleasures to which the temptations of Murray's table had lured him, came forward with startled air, and, with sense to comprehend the incongeniality of snow and soot, glanced furtively about for the clearest way of escape, and, grasping his sister's arm, hurried toward the less frequented door by which I had entered, whispering breathlessly as they passed me unobserved:

"Heavens, Jean! if the fellows should guess you were my sister!"

"But I couldn't go home unattended, you know, Jarl," she said, clinging to him with a feint of dependence on which she evidently relied for impression on his naturally chivalrous nature, not yet deadened by his evening's dissipation.

He straightened himself, drew her arm within his with protective tenderness, too much confused to mark the inconsistency of seeking guardianship in a place like that. But, as they walked out, it became evident that the support must be upon Jean's side, and trusting her pardon for an intrusion which the case demanded, I stepped forward with murmured "By your leave, Miss Russell," and lent a sustaining hand on the other side of her stumbling charge.

Her set face was deathly white as she turned in silent recognition of my unexpected, possibly un-

desired, presence, but she could offer no repulse to my necessary aid. Jarl, mistaking me for one of the brotherhood within, greeted me by familiar name, but would have shaken me off as unworthy so close an association with his sister, could he have commanded himself to do so, regarding me, manifestly, as the disreputable member of the party.

It is needless to dwell on the humiliations attending that midnight gathering of the wandering sheep to the home-fold. It was only when we had seen him safely disposed and mercifully screened in the solitude of his own room, that Jean acknowledged my assistance by other token than the brief orders she might have given a servant performing the same office. At the door, as I turned to bid her good-night, she came forward with outstretched hand.

"Let me thank you for the delicate manner in which you have rendered a substantial, if mortifying, service, Mr. Tracy," she said, gratefully. "But do not think too meanly of poor Jarl. He was wounded in the house of a friend. It had been months since he had tasted wine, the faintest sip of which fires him with a thirst that can only be slaked in deeper dissipation."

"Let me call to-morrow and talk the matter over with you," I said, reflectively. "I have studied a little this terrible problem of evil. Possibly I may be able to make suggestions which your judgment would commend in dealing with a trouble that pierces the heart while it perplexes the brain."

"You will be most welcome," was the cordial assent of voice and eyes. "I shall be disengaged after four o'clock."

This implied subjection of my freedom to hers brought to mind the fact, not at all patent and for the first time occurring to my thought since our meeting, that I was addressing a woman of business. There was a swift, marvelous rising of the despised class in my estimation, as I reverently bowed over the firm, responsive hand I held in parting.

Half way to my hotel I encountered Murray, hurrying back from a rapid walk down-town.

"You have seen nothing of Jarl?" he said, breathlessly, unconsciously announcing his errand.

"I have just seen him watchfully attended and safely lodged in his own quarters by the care of his faithful and devoted sister," I returned, somewhat accusingly.

Murray muttered an inaudible oath.

"I know I'm a cursed brute, Steven. I had no business to oppose Jean's wish to banish wine from the family board. We had discussed that subject again and again, but I had no mind to let her strong, sweet will, which ways one insensibly, become the fixed and unalterable law of my house-



hold as well as her father's, and I acted with the purpose of a man who will not abide dictation in personal affairs when I ordered wine for dinner to-day, not counting on its swift effect with Jarl. As usual, when I set my will against Jean's, I come out the beaten and discomfited party."

I had not much sympathy to offer my friend. I felt that he deserved all the mortification and discomfort of conscience that he was suffering, and without further comment we bade each other a brief good-night and went our separate ways.

The succeeding evening found me a guest in the dainty parlor of my lady, which as perfectly symbolized the grace, refinement, and harmony of her nature as her exquisite attire, which always shows the finest adaptation to person and occasion.

The home of the Russells at that time was a wide remove in elegance from the stately environment of their more prosperous days, but there was an art of furnishing in the simple suite of apartments to which the wreck of their household goods had been transferred that would have been lost in the grander sweep of rooms which they had once adorned.

"It is wonderful," Jean said one day, speaking of the change after longer acquaintance—"it is wonderful what comfort may be found in fitting up a home for which you have only the most economical resources. With ample means to carry out all your fancies, there is no particular merit in arriving at the House Beautiful, though one sees only too often the marring of that manifest purpose in too rigid conformity to conventional rule. But when one must study how to accomplish the desired effects on the limited sum at disposal for a multitude of uses, it becomes a matter of perpetual surprise to mark the fertility of resources continually developing under the active effort to realize your ideals. Now, when we took possession of our respectable flat, I had no intention of permitting it long to retain the close, cramped appearance of the narrow suite of rooms which it actually is, and my aim has been to widen the view and produce the effect of an expanse not limited by hard, unsightly walls, that give to one confined by them a sense of imprisonment from which there seems only the relief of escape. And how do you think, after all, I have succeeded in the accomplishment of my purpose?"

"Don't tempt me to the grossness of praise in pretty speech. I have shown my unbounded admiration of your home in frenzied study of polite excuses for seeking it more frequently in the past month than social law would give me right," I said, with catholic suppleness of tone, as I glanced about me, catching, through draperied alcoves and parted portieres, glimpses of unfolding space, magnified and multiplied by the reflection of long mirrors, and widened by pictures suggestive of boundless views lost in far horizons, lifted by

mountain ranges, or plunged in sweeping seas that lured the thought to dreamy voyage beyond the unmarked line of sight.

The effect of all was large and restful. There was nothing visible that seemed for ornament alone. Every article, however beautiful, appealed directly to your sense of its right to the space which it occupied by the use it invited or by the nobler impulse which it awakened. Here and there the loveliest conceptions in marble or canvas, real or copied, urged their silent message, but there was an utter absence of the cheap bric-a-brac and stumbling trumpery which confused the rooms of Sylvie Murray with a cumbering obtrusiveness that reminded one of an ill-kept baby-house, and grew absolutely painful to the eye that must dwell, day after day, on their mass of angularities and glaring inharmonies.

But to go back to the day on which I called for the quiet talk with Miss Russell suggested by the depressing events of the previous evening. Jarl, restored to himself by his long, deathly sleep, passed me on the steps in his outward way with distant recognition, stiffened by uncertain recollections of his late association with me.

"He is overcome with shame and humiliation," Jean told me, as I sat down with quickened thought in the still atmosphere of rooms which seemed part and parcel of herself; "he might have resisted, he thinks, the ordinary gross temptations of the club, which he has of late avoided; but the subtle, refined influence of the social family table betrayed him to the power of the lurking enemy always waiting the awakening of a taste which, once aroused, plunges him inevitably in the whirlpool of drink. Murray meant no ill, but he has not marked as often as I the influence of even the breath and color of wine on Jarl's sensitive organization, with its fatal leaning toward an indulgence which he has not the moral strength to renounce without support."

"One of the surest safeguards to a nature like his," I said, "is the engrossing occupation of a pursuit that is loved, and which calls into activity the best powers for use—"

Jean assented with shining eyes.

"Yet poor Jarl," she sighed, "has been all his life bitterly opposed in the direction of his sole love and ambition. Music is his absorbing passion. But papa, who regards it as a weak, sentimental pursuit, unworthy of a man's devotion, has resolutely set himself to the vain task of repressing the despised talent, forcing the unhappy youth into lines of business utterly distasteful, and from which he makes mortifying escape by inevitable failure. It has been growing clearer and clearer to me that we are missing our strongest source of influence in the withdrawal of our sympathy and support where he feels his right to encouragement, for his is not a nature whose manifest power

and purpose can be persistently and profanely thwarted without resulting misdirection of its faculties."

"It is refreshing to find that there is a decided love for any pursuit which, with favoring influence, may be made the boy's salvation ere this tendency to intemperate habit becomes a fixed and fatal necessity," I returned. "If I may win his friendship and bring myself into relations of trust and mutual reliance, I will assume an unsuspected guardianship of his interests which will, at least, relieve you of a responsibility so valiantly discharged last night, Miss Russell."

"You are very kind," was the quiet acceptance of my volunteered service. "If I may enlist you also to oppose my father's prejudice against music as a vocation, it will be a great gain to Jarl, who has grown desperate and reckless with repeated failures in trial of duties for which he is wholly unfitted. My father has most flattering faith in my judgment ordinarily, but he regards my conviction in this case as a kind of sentimental woman's notion which his practical man's sense cannot indorse, at least without the sanction of superior intelligence and experience."

Opportunity was afforded later in the evening for the introduction of this subject in conversation with the elder Russell, who argued, with fine show of reason, against the dangers of a pursuit which, with its depressing reactions from high-wrought fervors, exaltations, and enthusiasms, and the excitements and temptations of a life to which success must inevitably lead, would unavoidably, he thought, plunge the youth in deeper dissipations. But he gradually yielded the contested point of interference in the matter, and consented to put our theories of reformation on trial by future encouragement of a genius so far persistently repressed and resisted.

"I submit my charge entirely to you, Miss Jean, Mr. Tracy," he said, rising and pacing up and down with a motion of washing his hands of an unpleasant responsibility. "I have striven to direct the boy according to my best judgment of his needs, but he only stumbles from one bad state into another. What help there can be in the encouragement of a fancy which can only lead to unsettled habits of life I am totally unable to perceive, but I promise to offer no further opposition to your redemptory measures."

And after a year's trial of our "plan of salvation" with the wayward Jarl, we have the gratifying assurance of a result surpassing our fondest expectations.

Left to his own occupations, while brought at the same time as closely as possible into sympathy and companionship with Jean and myself, he has developed a really wonderful genius in his beloved art, and is fast gaining a reputation as a composer of very fine order, and the awakened pride and

interest which he feels in the life committed to his own guidance has accomplished more in the correction of his evil tendencies than any previous influence brought to bear upon his case. What relapses may possibly follow cannot be predicted, but the perfect understanding and bond of good fellowship existing between us at this time warrants me in the belief that I should be able to exercise a controlling and restraining power over any aroused and wandering inclination toward former dangerous haunts.

But while I have been instrumental in plucking Jarl from snare and pitfall, I have myself fallen in a net which has day by day grown more enticingly sweet in its close and closer drawn silken meshes that I have no care to break.

"Were I the hero of a modern romance," I said last night, leaning upon the mantel in the favorite attitude of the modern hero when he studies the problems of life, and gazing lingeringly at the pure, perfect face, with its nimbus of golden hair raying out in shining spirals against the dull, soft background of the antique chair supporting the head of my saint—"were I the hero of a modern romance, with his miraculous power of discernment, I should have been able long ago to divine in Sibylline line or token of your closely read face whether my attempt to chant with you the Psalm of Life has pained you like the jangled, jarring effort to render an exquisite strain of music beyond my compass, or whether—"

"Were I the heroine of a modern romance," she smiled, giving me her hand, "I should not have left you so long in doubt, perhaps, that you have supplied the master chords that were lacking to complete the harmony of my life."

Was I satisfied?

A. L. MUZZEY.

GIRLS FIRST.—"The best husband I ever met," says a living writer, "came out of a family where the mother, a most heroic and self-denying woman, laid down the absolute law, 'Girls first'—not in any authority, but first to be thought of as to protection and tenderness. Consequently, the chivalrous care which these lads were taught to show to their own sisters naturally extended itself to all women. They grew up true gentlemen—gentlemen generous, unexacting, courteous of speech, and kind of heart. In them was the protecting strength of manhood, which scorns to use its strength except for protection; the proud honesty of manhood, which infinitely prefers being lovingly and openly resisted to being 'twisted round one's finger,' as mean men are twisted, and mean women will always be found ready to do it, but which I think all honest men and brave women would not merely dislike, but utterly despise."

## SEEING WITH OTHER PEOPLE'S EYES.

**S**LOWLY Alice Austin came back from the garden gate, where she had just parted with her young husband. The June sunshine was as golden as when they had left the door, arm in arm; the roses glowed as brightly upon the trellis over the gate; the birds sang as blithely among the apple-blossoms; but her face bore a shadow that it had not carried when she left the sunny breakfast-room, and her eyes had not a glance for bird or bloom.

Entering the house, she went to the bay-window overlooking the pretty garden, and stood looking idly out a few moments, then, taking up a pair of scissors, began impatiently to clip the dead leaves and blossoms from the plants growing in the window.

All this was observed by quiet Aunt Ruth, sitting by the opposite window, who finally said, in her soft voice:

"Alice, I think I hear baby Beas calling!"

"Oh! yes; I suppose so!" answered Alice. "I never get a moment for myself! I don't see why she can't sleep this morning; I wanted to do a little writing in time for the morning post. But I suppose I must give it up, as I have to everything else! Now there is Mrs. Marston—she never sees her baby until he is all washed and dressed and brought in by the nurse in the morning, and never has to be kept awake nights or deprived of any pleasure days by the care of him. She always keeps a nurse for him, and only has him with herself when she feels like it; but I am just tied to my baby day and night!"

"Why, Alice!" said Aunt Ruth, surprised at this outburst, "I'm sure you have the best little blessing of a baby that ever lived! She's as good as gold, the darling!" and she arose and went into the next room, from which she presently returned with a plump baby, seven or eight months old, who looked at her mother with placid violet eyes and contentedly sucked her dimpled thumb.

"There, now!" said Aunt Ruth, as she tumbled and rolled the laughing infant into its mother's lap. "Look at this blossom of a baby and then talk to me of Mrs. Marston's poor little starveling! I feel as if I should cry every time I see that child! Turned off, starved on a bottle, cared for or neglected, nobody knows which, by a hired nurse—why, it may just as well be a hospital foundling and be done with it! What the good Lord permits some folks to have children for I'm sure I don't see, nor what some mothers' hearts are made of!" with which vigorous remarks, Aunt Ruth subsided into her chair again and began to count the stitches in the little wool shoe destined to cover the fat foot of baby Beas.

"Well, auntie, I didn't mean that I don't love my baby," said Alice, with a more cheerful face,

"nor that I don't like to care for her. But then, you know, there are times when even the best of mothers get weary and the best of babies a little exacting. And sometimes when I think of Jennie Marston, with nothing to do but to enjoy herself, and see her baby, so beautifully dressed, out with its nurse in its costly carriage, I'm afraid I feel a little bit envious, especially, Aunt Ruth, as I don't see why I should not be able to have as much as she; for we were married at about the same time, and everybody said that Edward and John Marston, in means and business position, were equal. But now, at the end of three years, we are living just as when we began our married life, while they have moved into a fine house and she has—well, you have been there, auntie, and you know how her house is furnished, and she seems to have no more household care than if she were boarding, and does very little of her sewing, either."

"And so I suppose she is a great deal happier than you are, isn't she?" inquired Aunt Ruth.

"Oh! I don't mean that," said Alice; "that couldn't very well be. No," she continued, thoughtfully, "she does not seem very happy, with all her luxuries. You know she looks fretted almost always, and it is said that her husband is not very devoted to his home. Some say he drinks heavily. I'm sure I don't know about that; I seldom see him when we go there, but I think he seems morose and unsocial."

"Is that what you envy her? Or is it her puny baby or her idleness?" quietly queried Aunt Ruth.

"Oh! no, no, no!" laughed Alice, now her merry self again. "I don't suppose I really envy her at all! But I'll confess the whole truth, auntie; I've been feeling rather shabby for quite a while, in house and dress, and this morning I asked Edward to let me refurnish the parlors and take the present furniture for other rooms, and he looked sober and said he was afraid not, he would think of it, and, somehow, it disappointed me. I thought we could afford it as well as our neighbors can afford their luxuries or I wouldn't have asked it."

Aunt Ruth's keen eye ran over the pretty room and glanced through the open door into the parlors beyond. They were not expensively furnished, and yet Aunt Ruth thought she had never seen rooms more tasteful or attractive.

"Yes, I know, auntie," said Alice, answering the look, "our rooms are cozy, and usually I feel quite satisfied with them. But—" here she paused a moment and then, with a blush and a half shy look at Aunt Ruth, she continued, "well, I will just tell the truth to you, auntie; I'm afraid I see too often with other people's eyes! Usually, my little home, with its sunny rooms and neat furnishing, looks pleasant and pretty to me, and I feel as content as a bird in its nest; but as soon as

Mrs. DeLong or Mrs. Morris or any of our wealthy lady friends come in, I at once begin to contrast my home with theirs and see how cheap and shabby it must look to them, just coming from their elegant surroundings, until I feel as inferior as my home looks. I suppose it seems silly to you, Aunt Ruth, but it is true!"

Here she paused a moment, but as Aunt Ruth only looked at her as if she expected her to go on, she continued:

"And when Jennie Marston comes here, with her baby all dressed in lace and embroidery, looking so white and dainty, like a lily, and Jennie looks around with that grand, languid air she has, as if she pitied me for having to look after my own home and baby, it makes me feel as if I wouldn't do it another day! and yet I am angry with myself for letting her make me feel so."

"The other day, when she was in and Bessy was sleepy and fretted a little as I held her, she said:

"Dear me! what a slave you make of yourself to your baby, don't you, Alice? I'm sure I couldn't stand it! Why don't you get a nurse-girl? It would save you a world of worry."

"Save worry!" interjected Aunt Ruth. "I should worry myself to death if you had one! Only the other day I saw Mrs. Marston's nurse out with the baby in its little carriage, and she was talking and laughing with a bold-looking fellow at her side, pushing the carriage along without looking, when baby's long dress got caught in the wheel in some way, and the next moment he was dragged forward over the side and would have had his head dashed against the stone pavement if I had not sprung forward and caught him. The girl was very much frightened and begged me so earnestly not to tell Mrs. Marston that I promised not to mention it if she would be more careful in the future. But I tell you, Alice, I don't believe in the whole nurse-girl system. I've seen too much of it! It is unnatural and unmerciful! Why, mothers act nowadays as if they were ashamed of their children, instead of being proud of them and esteeming them as the best gifts of God!"

"Neither do I believe in the common practice of giving a girl, or even a woman, entire charge of a child," replied Alice, "but only as a relief to mothers at times."

"That may do," said Aunt Ruth, "if they can be trusted; but how is one to know? A lady friend of mine had a nurse-girl for her baby—a sickly little thing that couldn't hold its head up alone—and she was never done telling what a jewel that girl was—so kind to baby, so devoted, so willing, and loved baby so much! And she paid her extra wages for her services. One day I went in there and found my friend was out, but was told that she would soon return, so I waited

for her. In the back parlor the baby fretted and moaned in the arms of the nurse. This lasted some time, when I heard it make a peculiar sound or two and stop crying. I leaned forward in my chair and looked through the folding-doors. There sat the nurse-girl, with set teeth, shaking that poor, feeble, little baby till it lay back hushed and gasping, too weak and breathless to cry, while its little brother, four years old, stood by with a frightened look, but not saying a word.

"For a moment I was speechless and bewildered. Then I called, in a quiet voice, 'Freddie, come here and see me a little while, until mamma comes.' He came to my side, and, going to the farther side of the room, where the nurse could see, but not hear, me, I took him upon my lap and said, in a low voice, 'Freddie, does Annie often treat baby like that?'

"He looked up at me, and then, with a frightened glance over his shoulder, whispered, 'Yes, ma'am; lots of times! She shakes him awful—till he gets white and she has to put water in his face! And she slaps and pinches me, too, but she said if I ever told mamma she would kill me and baby, too. O dear! I wish she would go away. I don't like her, dreadful!'

"Poor little fellow! I promised him that she would soon go away, and when my friend returned I told her the whole story.

"At first the girl denied it all and said that Fred was a terrible liar; but when I told her what I had seen, she dropped her mask and showed herself in her real character.

"She hated the squalling brat, she said, and wished she had shaken its life out long ago, and said she would have done it, too, if it hadn't been for keeping her big wages."

"Oh! oh! how dreadful!" cried Alice, catching baby Bess up from the carpet, where she lay kicking and cooing, and cuddling her close to her bosom, as if to shield her from impending danger. "O my baby, my birdling!" she murmured, "you shall never go from your mother's loving care! No one shall ever have the power to harm you while your mother lives!"

"Of course, all cases are not so bad as this was," continued Aunt Ruth, "but I cannot tell you how many instances I have known of evils arising from mothers trusting their young children to the care of evil or careless nurses. One lady that I know has a beautiful little daughter who will be a cripple for life because of a fall from the arms of a careless nurse. Another was scalded in a bath until it died. But, my dear, I did not mean to relate a chapter of horrors to you; I only wanted to impress it upon you that it should be the pleasure, as it is the duty, of every healthy mother to look after the safety and welfare of her children with her own eyes, and give them freely of her love and care.

"I have loved you the more dearly for the de-



votion you have manifested toward your husband and child.

"I'm afraid you will think me a prosy old thing, but I mean to have my talk out while 'the spirit moves me.' You were speaking of seeing with other people's eyes. Now, let me tell you what other people's eyes see! You know Edward was like my own son, and it was not strange that I should feel a keen interest in his choice of a wife. So it was with a mixture of hope and fear that I left my distant home for my first visit to you. Of course, I knew something of his circumstances. I had helped him start in business, and he had been like a good son in keeping me in his new life. But I wondered how his new wife would turn the tide of his future. I knew Edward was a young man of good judgment, but love, you know, is blind, and I did not know what folly the little god might have led him into. So I kept questioning all along my journey whether I should find you idle and fine and extravagant, spending as fast as your husband could earn, or whether you would be a good, loyal little partner in the business that would one day make you independent.

"You didn't know you stood under the eyes of a grim old critic that day, little Alice, when you came out to welcome the old mother-aunt! But I took you all in, husband, wife, baby, and home, and had my verdict all ready in fifteen minutes. I said to myself, 'The heart of her husband may safely trust in her!' and, my dear, I have seen no reason to change my mind during my three months' visit in your home."

"What! not after all I have told you this morning?" asked Alice, laughing as she kissed Aunt Ruth's rosy cheek.

"No, not even after that!" returned Aunt Ruth. "You are only a very human little girl. And if Edward can afford it, it is quite right that you should make your home just as pretty as you can. But, after all, it is not rich furniture that makes a home pleasant, though it may help. And Mrs. DeLong, who in your imagination was scorning your home, looked around enviously the last time she was here and said, 'Mrs. Austin has the pleasantest house in the place. It is just like stepping into fairy-land to come into her rooms. They are just as dainty as herself.' And Mrs. Harland replied, 'They are not much like those stiff parlors of Mrs. Marston's—never a flower or book or bit of work around. I always feel as if a funeral had just moved out of them.' They did not say this to me, but I was in the back parlor and heard them talking while they were waiting for you."

Alice turned and looked over the rooms in silence. The flowers bloomed brightly in the window, her canary trilled softly in his gilded cage, fine pictures adorned the walls, and between the windows, whose soft curtains were lifted by the

soft June wind, stood the fine piano that was Alice's delight.

"I am a very foolish little woman," she said at last; "my home is quite good enough—at least until we are richer. So Edward needn't look sober over new furniture to-night."

At night, as Edward came up the garden walk with Alice's arm in his, and "Queen Bess" occupying her usual perch on his shoulder, he said:

"You can have your new furniture, little wife, as soon as you like."

"How is that?" asked Alice. "I thought you said this morning that you did not think we could afford to refurnish just yet."

"So I did," he answered, "but I thought it over and concluded that you deserved to have your wishes gratified. You are not a very extravagant little woman!"

"But how do you manage to have the money to spare to-night when you did not have it this morning?" persisted Alice.

"Well, Madam Curiosity," laughed Edward, "I had been plotting a little extension of my business, and had laid by a little sum for that purpose. But I have made up my mind to wait another year instead of making you wait. Now, are you satisfied with my account?"

"Have you made any change in your arrangements to-day?" asked Alice.

"Oh! I told Harland that I must decline his offer, that's all!" replied her husband.

"Well, then, to-morrow you can tell him that you accept it," said Alice.

"What's the matter?" cried Edward, in surprise. "Do you think I am not willing to do what you ask? It is all right, my darling, and the money is as free to you as water!"

"I know it, Edward," replied Alice, "but I've changed my mind; that is woman's privilege, you know. I'm not going to have the worry of tearing everything up in our home again this spring, now that it is all settled for the summer, so you can use your money as you intended, and I'll take it—with interest, remember, sir—by and by."

"Thank you, my good little wife! You shall have your interest, and it shall be compound interest, too!" was her reward.

A few nights after, Edward came home with a troubled face. "What is it, Edward?" cried Alice, quick to read his every look.

"I have dreadful news for you," he answered.

"A terrible thing has happened. It became known to-day that John Marston was ruined. He has lost every dollar he owned in the world, and forged a check for five hundred dollars. His creditors came in and swept everything out of his hands, and in less than two hours afterward the officers were after him on a charge of forgery. Alice, an hour ago I helped carry my old friend home, dead by his own hand!"

At these words Alice dropped into a chair, pale and speechless.

"And Jennie—poor Jennie?" she said at last. "Oh! I must help her!"

"Poor woman!" he replied. "I left her, perfectly insane with her grief, screaming, lamenting, and declaring that she alone was to blame for his death. It was a terrible scene—one that I shall never forget. And only two or three years ago his future looked so fair; and he was such a good-hearted, kindly—poor John! poor John!" And Edward turned away, overcome by old memories.

Erring John Marston was laid away with more pity than blame. His wife never recovered her reason after the shock of his death, and Edward and Alice Austin never allowed themselves to indulge in any extravagances because they feared what might be seen by other people's eyes.

FAUSTINE.

### THE SUMMER BREEZE.

**C**OMETH now the western breeze,  
Lightly dancing through the trees;  
Skipping o'er the tasseled corn,  
Brushing off the dew of morn;  
Rocking through the golden grain,  
Glowing, ripening on the plain;  
Sinking softly in the clover,  
List'ning to some little rover  
Of a wild bee, singing gayly,  
Sipping sweetest nectar daily  
From the blossoms that are wasting  
All their rich perfume, while hasting  
To decay;  
Lull'd by song and fragrance, seeming  
As if asleep. Roused from dreaming,  
Thou art coming, now, to meet me,  
And I joyfully greet thee  
As I see thy white wings glancing,  
Through the locust leaves advancing.  
Where the window or the door is  
Hid by purple morning-glories,  
While I'm watching thee intently,  
Thou art stealing in so gently,  
Kissing tenderly each floweret  
(It will deem thou dost adore it),  
Sporting with each tiny vine-leaf,  
Leaving it to pine with grief  
For thy presence; welcome now  
Art thou fluttering o'er my brow.  
Grateful for thy condescension,  
I will listen with attention  
While thou tellest wherefore hither  
Thou hast come. From whence, and whither  
Goest thou, thy mission ended,  
Bearing as thou goest, blended,  
Warmest thanks and sincere blessing  
For thy timely, cool caressing,  
For all thy service so refreshing.

LEWIS OLIVER.

### OVER YONDER.

**O**VER yonder the shadows fall  
Cool and sweet on the pleasant grass;  
Golden sunshine is over all,  
Softly the breezes sigh to pass.

High in the air the fountains toss  
Like shivered crystal their curving spray,  
While naiads of bronze, in beds of moss,  
Dream and luxuriate all day.

Marble beauties lift arms of snow  
With the green burden of dewy vines,  
Where the lips of the honeysuckles glow,  
And the scarlet star of the cypress shines.

Over yonder the roses bend  
Low to the earth with their creamy weight;  
Bees and humming-birds softly wend  
From flower to flower with precious freight.

Low in the border the tulips lift,  
To drink the sunshine, their cups of gold;  
And the crimson and purple fuchsias sift  
Their velvet petals o'er fragrant mold.

I turn from the window with aching eyes,  
The sudden tear-drops blind and fill,  
As I bend so low o'er my one sweet prize—  
My precious ferns on the window-sill.

Oh! I can close my heart to all  
The glory and gladness over there,  
When I think of a lane where the shadows fall,  
And the thorn is sweet on the summer air.

Where the wild-rose creeps through broken hedge,  
And long grass tangles about my feet,  
As I wander along a path whose edge  
Is bordered with fern and meadows sweet.

Cooler, deeper, the shadows fall,  
Rocked in the tree-tops the soft winds sleep,  
And all is still save the rain-bird's call  
And the singing waters that dance and leap,  
Gurgling along their shallow way,  
Or darkling into a deeper bed,  
Flecked with a single golden ray  
That pierces the canopy overhead.

My feet sink low in the yielding moss,  
The silence speaks to my listening heart,  
Labor is weariness—gold a dross—  
And myself of the world a thing apart.

Lost in the realm of the infinite,  
Lost all measure of time or space,  
Low at the foot of the throne I sit,  
And read life's meaning in Nature's face.

So, still from the splendor over there  
My heart in its weary longing turns  
To my talisman here, by tears kept fair  
And green in the shadow—my precious ferns.

MARY HOWARD WRIGHT.

## A SHOP IN HEAVEN.\*

"NOW," said my guide to me, "I will bring thee to a city of the righteous, and show thee how they buy and sell in this, the kingdom of Heaven."

So we journeyed a day and another day and half a day, and I was weary ere we arrived thither. But when I saw the loveliness of the place, and drew in the healing air thereof, my weariness vanished as a dream of the night, and I said, "*It is well.*"

I may not now speak of the houses and the dress and the customs of the dwellers therein, save what may belong to the buying and selling of which I have spoken. Gladly would I tell of the streams that went, some noiselessly gliding, others gurgling, some sweeping, some rushing and roaring, through every street, all issuing from one right plenteous fountain in the middle of the city, so that the ear was forever filled with the sound of many waters all the day, ceasing when the night came, that silence might have its perfect work upon the soul. Gladly, too, would I tell of the trees and flowers and grass that grew in every street and along the banks of the rivers. But I must withhold.

After I had, I know not for how long, refreshed my soul with what it was thus given me to enjoy—for in all that country there is no such thing as haste, no darting from one thing to another, but a calm, eternal progress in which unto the day the good thereof is sufficient—one great noonday, my conductor led me into a large place, such as we would call a shop here, although the arrangements were different, and an air of stateliness dwelt in and around the house. It was filled with the loveliest silken and woolen stuffs, of all kinds and colors, a thousand delights to the eye and to the thought also; for here was endless harmony and no discord.

I stood in the midst, and my guide stood by me in silence; for all the time I was in the country, he seldom spoke to me save when first I asked of him, and yet he never showed any weariness, and often a half-smile would dwell for a moment upon his countenance.

And first I watched the faces of them that sold; and I could read therein—for be it understood that, according to the degree of his own capacity, a man there could perfectly read the countenance of every neighbor, that is, unless it expressed something that was not in himself—and I could read in them nothing of eagerness, only the calm of a concentrated ministration. There was no seeking there, but a strength of giving, a business-like earnestness to supply lack, enlivened by no haste and dulled by no weariness, brightened ever

by the reflected content of those who found their wants supplied. As soon as one buyer was contented, they turned graciously to another, and gave ear until they perfectly understood with what object he had come to seek their aid. Nor did their countenances change utterly as they turned away, for upon them lingered the satisfaction as of one who hath had a success, and by degrees melted into the supervening content.

Then I turned to watch the countenances of them that bought; and there, in like manner, I saw no cupidity and no meanness. They spake humbly, yet not because they sought a favor, but because they were humble, for with their humility was mingled the confidence of receiving that they sought. And truly it was a pleasure to see how every one knew what his desire was, making his choice readily and with decision. I perceived also that every one spoke not merely respectfully, but gratefully to him who served him. And at meeting and parting, such kindly though brief greetings passed as made me wonder whether every inhabitant of such a mighty city could know every other that dwelt therein. But I soon saw that it came not of individual knowledge, but of universal faith and all-embracing love.

And as I stood and watched, suddenly it came into my mind that I had never yet seen the coin of the country, and thereupon I kept my eyes upon a certain woman who bought silk, that when she paid for the same I might see the money. But that which she had largely bought she took in her arms and carried away and paid not. Therefore I turned to watch another, who bought for a long journey, but when he carried away that he bought, neither did he pay any money. And I said to myself, "These are well-known persons to whom it is more convenient to pay all at a certain season;" and I turned to a third who bought much fine linen. But behold! he paid not. Then I began to observe again those that sold; whereupon I thought with myself, how good must be the air of this land for the remembrance of things! for these men write down nothing to keep on record the moneys men owe them on all sides. And I looked and looked again and yet again, and stood long watching; but so it was throughout the whole place, which thronged and buzzed and swarmed like the busiest of bee-hives—no man paid, and no man had a book wherein to write that which the other owed!

Then I turned to my guide and said, "How lovely is honesty! and truly from what a labor it absolveth men! for here I see every man keepeth in his mind his own debts, and not the debts of others, so that time is not spent in paying of small sums, neither in the keeping of accounts of such; but he that buyeth counteth up, and doubtless when the day of reckoning arrives, each

\* From *Thomas Wingfold, Curate*, by George MacDonald.

cometh and casteth the money he oweth into the merchant's coffer, and both are satisfied."

Then my conductor smiled, and said, "Watch yet a while."

And I did as he said unto me, and stood and watched. But the same thing went on everywhere, and I said to myself, "Lo, I see nothing new!" Suddenly, at my side, a man dropped upon his knees, and bowed his head to the ground. And those that stood nigh him dropped also upon their knees, and there rose a sound as of soft thunder; and lo! every one in the place had dropped upon his knees and spread his hands out before him. Every voice and every noise was hushed, every movement had ceased, and I and my guide alone were left standing.

Then I whispered in his ear, "It is the hour of prayer; shall we not kneel also?"

And my guide answered, "No man in this city kneeleth because others do, and no man is judged if he kneeleth not. If thou hast any grief or pain upon thee, then kneel; if not, then love God in thy heart and be thankful, and kneel when thou goest into thy chamber."

Then said I, "I will not kneel, but will watch and see."

"It is well," said my guide; and I stood.

For certain moments all was utter stillness—every man and woman kneeling with hands outstretched, save him who had first kneeled, and his hands hung by his side and his head was still bowed to the earth. At length he rose up, and lo! his face was wet with tears; and all the people rose also, and with a noise throughout the place; and the man made a low obeisance to them that were nigh him, the which they returned with equal reverence, and then, with downcast eyes, he walked slowly from the shop. The moment he was gone, the business of the place, without a word of remark on any side concerning what had passed, began again and went on as before. People came and went, some more eager and outward, some more staid and inward, but all contented and cheerful. At length, a bell somewhere, rang sweet and shrill, and after that no one entered the place and what was in progress began to be led to a decorous conclusion. In three or four minutes, the floor was empty and the people also of the shop had gone, each about his own affairs, without shutting door or window.

I went out last with my guide and we seated ourselves under a tree of the willow kind on the bank of one of the quieter streams, and straightway I began to question him.

"Tell me, sir," I said, "the purport of what I have seen, for not yet have I understood how these happy people do their business and pass from hand to hand not a single coin."

And he answered, "Where greed and ambition and self-love rule, money must be; where there is

neither greed nor ambition nor self-love, money is needless."

And I asked, "Is it then by the same ancient mode of barter that they go about their affairs? Truly I saw no exchange of any sort."

"Bethink thee," said my guide; "if thou hadst gone into any other shop throughout the whole city, thou wouldst have seen the same thing."

"I see not how that should make the matter plainer to me," I answered.

"Where neither greed nor ambition nor selfishness reigneth," said my guide, "there need and desire have free scope, for they work no evil."

"But even now I understand you not, sir," I said.

"Hear me, then," answered my guide, "for I will speak to thee more plainly. Wherefore do men take money in their hands when they go where things are?"

"Because they may not have the things without giving the money."

"And where they may have things without giving money, there they take no money in their hands?"

"Truly no, sir, if there be such a place."

"Then such a place is this, and so is it here."

"But how can men give of their goods and receive nought in return?"

"By receiving everything in return. Tell me," said my guide, "why do men take money for their goods?"

"That they may have wherewithal to go and buy other things which they need for themselves."

"But if they also may go to this place or that place, where the things are the which they need, and receive of those things without money and without price, is there then good cause why they should take money in their hands?"

"Truly no," I answered; "and I begin, methinks, to see how the affair goeth. Yet are there some things still whereupon I would gladly be resolved. And first of all, how cometh it that men are moved to provide these and those goods for the supply of the wants of their neighbors, when they are drawn thereto by no want in themselves and no advantage to themselves?"

"Thou reasonest," said my guide, "as one of thine own degree, who to the eye of the full-born ever look like crystalids, closed round in a web of their own weaving; and who shall blame thee until thou thyself shinest within thyself? Understand that it is never advantage to himself that moveth a man in this kingdom to undertake this or that. The thing that alone advantageth a man here is the thing which he does without thought unto that advantage. To your world, this world goeth by contraries. The man here that doeth most service, that aideth others the most to the obtaining of their honest desires, is the man who



standeth highest with the Lord of the place, and his reward and honor is to be enabled to the spending of himself yet more for the good of his fellows. There goeth a rumor amongst us even now, that one shall ere long be ripe for the carrying of a message from the King to the spirits that are in prison. Thinkest thou it is a less potent stirring up of thought and energy to desire and seek and find the things that will please the eye and cheer the brain and gladden the hearts of the people of this great city, so that when one prayeth, *Give me, friend, of thy leaves, a man may answer, Take of them, friend, as many as thou needest*—in that, I say, an incentive to diligence less potent than the desire to hoard or excel? Is it not to share the bliss of God, who hoardeth nothing, but ever giveth liberally? The joy of a man here is to enable another to lay hold upon that which is of his own kind, and be glad and grow thereby—doctrine strange and unbelievable to the man in whom the well of life is yet sealed. Never have they been many at a time in the old world who could thus enter into the joy of their Lord. And yet, if thou bethink thee, thou wilt perceive that such bliss is not unknown amongst thy fellows. Knowest thou no musician who would find it joy enough for a night to scale the tower of a hundred bells and send the great meteors of music-light flying over the care-tortured city? Would every one, even of thy half-created race, reason with himself and say, Truly it is in the night and no one can see who it is that ministereth; the sounds alone will go forth nor bear my image; I shall reap no honor; I will not rise and go? Thou knowest, I say, some in thy world who would not speak thus in their hearts, but would willingly consent to be as nothing, so to give life to their fellows. In this city so it is with all—in shop or workshop, in study or theatre, all seek to spend and be spent for the lovely all."

And I said, "One thing tell me, sir—how much a man may have for the asking."

"What he will—that is, what he can well use."

"Who, then, shall be the judge thereof?"

"Who but the man himself?"

"What if he should turn to greed, and begin to hoard and spare?"

"Sawest thou not the man this day because of whom all business ceased for a time? and to that man had come a thought of accumulation instead of growth, and he dropped upon his knees in shame and terror. And thou sawest how all business ceased and straightway that of the shop was made what below they call a church; for every one hastened to the poor man's help, the air was filled with praying breath, and the atmosphere of God-loving souls was around him; the foul thought fled and the man went forth glad and humble, and to-morrow he will return for that which he needeth. If thou shouldst be present then, thou wilt

see him more tenderly ministered unto than all the rest." \* \* \*

"It is good," I said; "but how are men guided as to what lies to them to provide for the general good?"

"Every man doeth what thing he can, and the more his labor is desired, the more he rejoices."

"If a man should desire that which he could nowhere find in the city?"

"Then would he straightway do his endeavor to provide that thing for all in the city who might, after him, desire the same."

"Now, sir, methinks I know and understand," I answered.

And we rose and went farther.

## TWO SUMMER NIGHTS.

THE air is sweet with breath of June,  
The leaves move languidly and slow,  
Beneath a tender, summer moon,  
Two lovers whisper soft and low;  
While with their words, the brooklet's tune  
Mingles its happy, rippling flow.

The fragrant air, with soft caress,  
Plays lightly round the maiden's head.

"And wilt thou ever love me less?"

Half-earnest, half in jest, she said.

"Methinks I'd miss thy tenderness,  
Though I were lying cold and dead."

(Downward, as though the words they knew,  
The purple lilacs, list'n'ing, lean)—

"And, sweetheart, wilt thou still be true,  
Though long, long years should intervene,  
And weary leagues of ocean blue  
Their foaming billows roll between?"

He roamed through strange and far-off lands

Coy Fortune's choicest gift to find;

But wheresoe'er his feet might stand,

His faithful heart he left behind!

A thousand glowing hopes he planned,

When Fate should prove less strangely blind!

A stately home is hers; where slow,

Sweet music fills the charmed air;

No more she walks where lilacs blow,

No more a simple maiden fair;

Shut out are dreams of "long ago"

By tropic bloom and pictures rare.

Beneath another summer moon,

He walks—one lover, now alone—

While memories of that distant June

Blend with the brooklet's mournful moan,

And 'neath his feet, the lilac bloom,

Like withered hopes, lies thickly strewn.

MARGARET STEWART SIBLEY.

### THAT NEW DRESS.

"**S**UCH a lovely sash! O mother! it seems as if that is just what I need for my new silk dress. Such a beautiful shade! It would match my dress so exactly!"

"Yes, Florence, it is all as you say. But, my dear, your dress has already cost a third more than we calculated, and I don't see how we can afford any more. Your father looked sober this morning when I told him you would need new laces to wear with it; and if I tell him you need a sash besides, I am afraid he will openly refuse."

"But, mother, every one will wear a sash, and mine will look shabby beside my new silk."

Mrs. Foster made no reply. It was hard to refuse the pretty pleader anything; but the sash would cost five dollars, and that was a large sum to add to a dress which had already overrun its calculations one-third.

"Can't we manage it somehow, mother?" continued the daughter; "it really seems a pity to spoil the suit with my old shabby sash."

"Yet your sash was new last spring, Florence," returned the mother, "and cost then three dollars."

"I know; but I've worn it ever so many times," said the young girl, "and—and I want the new one so bad. Can't we cut off expenses somewhere, mamma? You're such a manager about everything, surely you can see some way of escape."

Mrs. Foster shook her head doubtfully. Expenses were already being run on a close scale. Appearances must be kept up at whatever cost.

"I don't know of any way, unless we ask Miss Fitzgerald to wait for her pay," said she, after a few moments' hesitation.

"The very thing, mamma!" cried the girl, eagerly. "Miss Fitzgerald couldn't object, I know. Why, ever so many dressmakers wait for their pay. Jennie Cole told me only last week that they paid their dressmaker only quarterly."

"Perhaps things are different with different people, Florence. Your father objects to bills, you know."

"But this would not be an account, mamma. You could settle with Miss Fitzgerald soon," said the young girl, eagerly; "and, anyhow, I think Miss Fitzgerald hardly expects her money as soon as the dress is done."

"Why do you think so?" asked her mother.

"Only because—because—well, almost everyone, nowadays, makes people wait."

"So much the worse. I think if you were employed anywhere, you would expect your wages when the work was done. But since you have so set your mind on the sash, dear, I will try what can be done."

"But, mamma, we must not wait. The sash

may be sold, and I could not get another that matched my dress so well. If I have it at all I must have it at once. You can manage somehow, mamma. Ask Miss Fitzgerald to wait. I am sure it is no more than other people do, and you know you like to do as others do," she added, laughing, and petting her mother.

Thus flattered and coaxed by this irresistible pleader, Mrs. Foster reluctantly yielded, and Florence was soon on her way to purchase the coveted sash.

She was a pretty young girl of seventeen. Life had held out to her its brightest side. The only child of indulgent parents, she had been accustomed to have every light wish gratified. As years increased, her wants increased with them; but not her father's means. He was only a bookkeeper, on a comfortable salary, but Florence had always been as well dressed as the daughters of her father's employer while they were schoolgirls together, and she could not think of having any less now. The new dress had been bought to wear to a party given in honor of the birthday of a millionaire's daughter, and it must be as rich in material and as elegant in design as that of her friend. It had already cost her father a whole month's salary, and the end was not yet. But, unfortunately, Florence had not been educated to consider her father's means. Her associates were young girls with liberal supplies of money and whose constant theme of conversation was the cost of their wardrobes. She must dress as well as these or sink in the social scale. So at least her mother thought, and Florence accepted the situation. When remonstrated with by Mr. Foster on the subject, Mrs. Foster would assume an aggrieved air and say:

"Florence is our only child. It's a pity if she must go shabby and lose her young friends, for if a girl doesn't dress well she is nobody."

To which opinion Mr. Foster usually assented by allowing the purchase to be made, while he pondered on what might be the final outcome of it all.

Not many blocks from where the Fosters lived, there stood a large, old, frame house. It had once been a hotel, but circumstances had changed it into the less dignified term of tenement house. Its front door opened directly on the street outside and into a large, empty, dirty hall inside. Up the rickety stairs were "rooms," occupied by a type of inhabitants that have no steady abiding place.

In one of these rooms sat a young girl. An invalid reclined on a couch, and bending over the table was a little girl of perhaps seven years. Both the invalid and the child were watching the slender, nimble fingers of the young girl, as they darted in and out of the folds of an elegant dress, which was apparently in the last stages of completion.

"Is it almost done, Annie?" asked the child, touching softly the rich material.

"Almost, deary," replied the young girl, looking up with a smile. "I know of more than one who will be happy when the last stitch is taken. Don't you?"

The child smiled brightly and held out her slender foot, with its well-worn shoe, as she said:

"I guess I'll be glad; for you have promised me some new shoes."

"And what for mamma?" whispered the young girl, softly; and the child as softly returned, "Some slippers and some wine and a day at the seashore."

The invalid from her couch had seen the whispering, but had not heard the words; so she smiled and lifted her wasted finger, only saying:

"No plottings."

"Done at last!" said the weary dressmaker, holding up the elegant garment. "Done at last; and isn't it beautiful, mother?"

"It is fit for the President's daughter," replied the invalid, a little pettishly. "It seems to me that the Fosters are poorly prepared to dress their daughter in such extravagant clothes. Foolish, foolish," she murmured.

"What matters it to us, mother mine," said the young girl, "only so we get the money for making it?"

"How much will it be, Annie?" the mother inquired.

"Ten dollars!"

"And you have worked a whole week. Madame D— would have charged twenty dollars, and it would have been no better made," said the invalid, fretfully.

"Yes, I know," replied Annie, a little drearily, "but Madame D— must charge something for the name of it, you know. I am satisfied, mother dear, if I only get my money. And I have no doubt of that. Mrs. Foster is hard at a bargain, but she is prompt pay. Now I will take it home. I may not be back very soon, as there may be some alterations needed. Good-bye, mamma; good-bye, Ruthie. Take good care of mamma. New shoes, new slippers, some wine, and a whole day at the beach," she whispered, nodding gayly, as she closed the door behind her.

Ruthie laughed as she watched her sister down the street.

"It fits beautifully, Florence," said Mrs. Foster, eyeing with pride her pretty young daughter arrayed in the new dress. "Step into the sitting-room, dear, and let your father see," giving Florence a knowing look.

"I am very sorry," she began, as soon as they were alone, "but I have not the money by me to-night to pay you. If you will call by the tenth of next month I will settle with you," said Mrs.

Foster. My husband is rather hard run at present, and if it will not be too inconvenient I must ask you to wait. I presume you have to do so occasionally," she added, a little tinge of remorse piercing her heart as she noted a shade of disappointment in Miss Fitzgerald's face. But that lady only said:

"I must yield to your convenience, I suppose, Mrs. Foster. I am glad the dress suits you."

"Oh! it is lovely, lovely!" replied Mrs. Foster, warmly, glad in her heart that Miss Fitzgerald had not made a "fuss," and that the matter had been so well disposed of. Accompanying Miss Fitzgerald to the door, she gave her a cordial good-evening and returned to the sitting-room.

"Did she say anything because she didn't get her pay?" asked Florence.

"No, but I fancy she was disappointed."

"Oh! of course! Look, mamma, how awfully awful this old sash would look with this;" and she held up the new dress close to the old sash.

"Yes, I suppose it would look badly: but somehow I feel a little queer. I suppose it's because I am not in the habit of contracting debts."

"Oh! you will soon pay it. If Miss Fitzgerald had needed the money badly, she would have made some objections."

"I dare say she would;" and so easing her conscience, Mrs. Foster laid the matter by.

With a sad and heavy heart Miss Fitzgerald retraced her steps. How could she meet little Ruthie's eager, hopeful looks? How could she tell them that they must wait for the comforts she had promised them? For herself, she could bear it; but it was so hard to know these were waiting her return with such joyful anticipations only to be met with disappointment. Oh! it was hard! She grew bitter as she thought of it all.

Ruthie was at the door waiting in the darkness with the hopefulness of childhood her sister's return. Annie's heart sank as she met the child's eager, upturned face, and heard her say, with the confidence of youth: "I'm all ready, sister. Mamma is resting, and told me I might meet you and go to the store if you wanted me."

The friendly night hid the tears that rolled down Annie's cheeks, but she answered cheerily:

"We must go up to mamma, deary; I want to talk with her first."

"Didn't you get the money, sister?" asked the child, whose quick perceptions already half suspected the truth.

"Hush, darling. No. But you must not worry. Remember mamma."

The little hand relaxed its hold on the elder's, and Ruthie, without a word, met her disappointment, "remembering mamma."

"There is Florence Foster. Isn't her dress exquisite?"

The lady addressed raised her eye-glasses and scanned the young lady passing through the room.

"Yes; it is fit for a princess," she replied. "Indeed, I doubt if either of the daughters of the Princess of Wales owns such a rich costume. Who is she?"

"The only child of a bookkeeper," was the whispered answer.

"I should be afraid for my husband's business if his bookkeeper's daughter dressed like that," was the sharp retort. Then, quickly changing the subject, the lady said: "I came across a pitiable case of misery to-day. You will pardon me for mentioning anything so sad at such a gay scene as this, but really it made such an impression on my mind that I cannot shake it off."

"Please be free to tell me," pleaded her hearer.

"I had an errand in the old building known as the Eagle Hotel. While there my attention was attracted by the cries of a child, and the woman with whom I was conversing told me that the mother of the little girl had just died about an hour before. She further stated that she was afraid that the family were badly off, but that they were dreadfully proud and did not associate with any of the neighbors. So I stepped across the hall and entered the room. On a bed in an adjoining room lay a shrouded body, and in this room was the weeping child and a young lady, her sister. I explained why I had come and asked what I could do for them. At first the young lady kindly thanked me, and said she did not know that I could help them in any way. I soon saw that they needed some one, so I began to talk with them, sympathizing with them in their trouble, and at length I removed my bonnet and cloak, and told them I wanted to stay with them and comfort them. This act opened the flood-gates, and the young lady wept as she told me how they had come down from comfort and happiness to such poverty and despair. 'I work hard,' said she, 'but wages are so low that it is all I can do to keep body and soul together, and even that failed. If mother could only have had the things she needed to give her strength, I feel sure she would not have died. Two nights ago I carried home a dress which had taken a whole week's steady work to make. I had been so happy as I worked over it and thought of the comforts its pay would buy. I started out full of high hopes, but was doomed to meet with disappointment. It was beautifully made, the fit was perfect, but would I be so kind as to wait until next month for my pay? O madam!' she added, with streaming eyes, 'how little people think how hard it is for the poor to wait for their money.' How I pitied her! She was so hopeless, and she was fair and young as these here to-night. I did what I could for them and promised to attend the funeral to-morrow."

"A very sad case, indeed," replied the other, as her eyes wandered over the gay company. "I was just wondering," she added, "if it is possible for that dress to be here to-night."

"Quite possible," was the rejoinder.

MRS. S. M. HARTOUGH.

A CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS.—The other day a banker at Liege was giving a little dinner-party to which ten guests had been bidden besides himself and his wife, when in dropped a friend from the Antipodes, and invited himself to dinner, making the fatal thirteen. The banker, to conjure ill-luck, rushed down-stairs to his office, found the cashier just about to leave for the evening, dragged him up-stairs, fitted him with a dress-coat, and led him triumphantly into the drawing-room amid the applause of the relieved guests, three of whom declared that they would not sit down to the best dinner ever served if there were thirteen at table. At that moment the bell rang, and a note was brought for one of the guests, whose wife had suddenly fallen ill, and who consequently was unable to remain. Thirteen again! Gloom and despair; and the cashier, finding himself the Jonah of the evening, volunteered to depart. The banker saw him down-stairs, and was expressing his regrets when—joy!—the family doctor heaved in sight. Him the host secured, and, happy in being able to offer the hospitalities of his table to his kind-hearted and sorely tried employee, the three returned to the drawing-room. Dinner was ordered to be placed upon the table, but, just as all was ready, the hostess, who was in delicate health and who had been unduly excited by all the untoward events, fainted dead away, and had to be put to bed. Thirteen again! This time there was nothing for the cashier but to go and dine, with what appetite he might, at the nearest restaurant.

KIND WORDS.—There are many men who keep their pleasant words and smiling faces too much for strangers, for whom they do not care a straw, while for their very own, their dear ones, they have too often bitter words and harsh condemnation. They do not realize the injury they are doing; they little know the suffering they cause. It is not too much to say that many a woman dies simply for want of sympathy—starves to death just as really as if her food had been taken from her. The love which is hers by right has been denied her, or has, at least, found no expression. A gentle word, a loving caress, will go far to lift the burden from the wearied shoulders.

WE ought not to look back, unless it is to derive useful lessons from past errors and for the purpose of profiting by dear-bought experience.



## Religious Reading.

### "INASMUCH."

HOW simple, yet wonderful, the Lord's lesson of the beautiful result of service contained in His words, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me!"

If we would oftener stop and consider the purport of these words, many heartaches would be spared, and much that is a hindrance to the influent life of love would be taken out of the way. The "inasmuch" refers to two kinds of conduct—not only to the positively good, but also to the positive or negative evil; for evil may not only be the doing of wrong, but also the neglect to do the right. A mere casual observation of the words quoted might leave one under the impression that the Lord meant in uttering them to say that He would accept as unto Himself any kind or evil act done by us toward others, and so set it down to our account. This would be but a sort of make-believe, after all, however; so there must be a deeper meaning. Suppose we look at it in this way: The sun's rays find every nook and crevice into which to shine, not only thus illuminating the place to which access is gained, but also revealing whatever exists there of impurity or unwholesomeness that should be removed. So "the Lord God," we are told, "is a sun," and from Him, as a sun, come all light of truth and warmth of love, and these, by their very nature, like glorious sun-rays, are flowing out in blessing to all and seeking every nook and crevice by which to gain access to the mind and heart, not only to illuminate with the light of truth and to warm with love into accord with His own will, but also to reveal whatever of evil and impurity should be removed. Now, every kind and tender act done from love to others not only opens the avenues of our own inner selves to a more abundant flow of life from this great, central Spiritual Sun, but it also helps to get access to other hearts for the greater flow of the life of God to them, so that in very truth the kindness done is not only done toward the neighbor, but to the Lord Himself, in helping make a way for the more abundant giving of His constantly flowing life.

Helping others, then, is not only kindness to them, but it is really helping the Lord to get greater access to them, so that, indeed, "inasmuch" as we have done it unto one of the least we have done it also unto Him. In as much; in the measure—in the very exact measure of our conduct as actuated by the right motive; not as the world views and judges, but as seen in the light of divine life. When looked on in this way, how very real and actual it all becomes and with what a beauty is service invested. It ceases then to be the merely external surface thing of an act done or a word spoken to better the outward condition of another, and becomes the more interior "help of the Lord" toward beautifying a character and clothing a soul-life in garments of purity and love and decking it with jewels of truth.

And, then, it is fluent in its action. The muscles of the arm brought into play in the per-

formance of that toil which brings bread to hungry ones are themselves rounded and developed in turn, because the demand made by the exertion causes a greater flow of the life-fluid from the heart. So the soul that goes out in kind deed or word or thought to others is itself in turn rounded and developed into greater symmetry and strength, because of a fuller reception of the influent life-current which comes from the great, central throbbing Heart of the universe, "from whom cometh every good and perfect gift" and the prompting and strength for every service. Could we more fully realize this view of the matter, "serving the Lord" would not be considered the isolated instances here and there, in which we joined in some outward act of worship, or even beneficence, but it would be found to consist in the entire ordering of our life and to permeate the daily round of the most monotonous tread-mill existence; and, with this understanding of it, the rasping and friction that mar much of the comfort of life would cease, and it would become a joy to live. Perhaps these words were spoken by the Lord in order that, as He said to His disciples at another time, "His joy might remain in us that our joy might be full," for surely it was His joy to live for others, and, even as He, when we live for others we live also for the Father.

But beautiful as is the thought of service when thus associated with that life from which comes our strength and inclination to perform it, and which, in the performance, increases our inclination and ability, it is sad to know that the converse of it all is true; and that as we do evil instead of good toward others—nay, even as we neglect to do the good, we not only fail toward them, but we fail also toward Him, who is ever waiting for fuller access to the human heart. And as was the measure of our power to help, so was the measure of our power to hinder, in failing to aid the flowing life by word or deed, which might have removed some hindrance or enlarged the channel. So the Lord says, "Inasmuch as ye did it not unto one of the least of these, ye did it not unto me."

We are taught, through the lesson of the vine and the branches, that it is the flowing life of the vine which causes bud and blossom and leaf and fruit. These form the clothing—the robe of the otherwise bare, barren tree. Now, by analogy, if our robes of salvation are to be formed from the inflowing life of the divine vine; if, by act or failure to act, we hinder the fullness of that flow, either in ourselves or in others, how sorrowful to know that in this way we hinder the result of some beauty or use in the formation of those "robes of righteousness" of which He speaks when He says, through the prophet, "For as the earth bringeth forth her bud and as the garden causeth the things that are sown in it to spring forth, so the Lord God will cause righteousness to spring forth before all nations." But the Lord God, as a sun, must get access to the earth—to the garden. Our conduct may help or hinder that access. Hence, while it is to others, it is also to Him.

We see more and more how "none liveth to

himself," but may we also see more fully that we may live to others for ill as well as for good. Which of us is willing to mar the beauty of another's robe? And yet we may do it. The rather may we help to add some tint which shall aid in securing the harmony of the whole.

MRS. A. L. WASHBURN.

### WE CANNOT SEE BEFORE US.

WE cannot see before us,  
But our all-seeing Friend  
Is always watching o'er us  
And knows the very end.

What though we seem to stumble,  
He will not let us fall:  
And learning to be humble  
Is not lost time at all.

And when amid our blindness  
His disappointments fall,  
We trust His loving-kindness  
Whose wisdom sends them all.

They are the purple fringes  
That hide His glorious feet;  
They are the fire-wrought hinges  
Where truth and mercy meet.

By them the golden portal  
Of Providence shall ope,  
And lift to praise immortal  
The song of faith and hope.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

PRAYER is not conquering God's reluctance,  
but taking hold of God's willingness.—*Phillips Brooks.*

## Mothers' Department.

### HINTS FOR HELP.

HAPPY LODGE, June —, 1883.

DEAR FRIENDS:—So you wish some more "advice," do you? Well, I do not care to become too much of a preacher, and have a horror of developing into a "regular scold;" but I do most earnestly desire to help all mothers with little children, and therefore, if you have no objections to my so doing, I should like to say a few words about putting the babies in bed. Do you think I have chosen a queer subject, and that it is one hardly worthy of consideration? Will you please suspend judgment until you hear what I have to say? Children under twelve (and over, too, in many cases) grow very tired with their romping and consequently very fretful, and should be prepared for bed early in the evening—as early as half-past seven.

Now, let me cull from my own experience a few simple items, and see how you regard my methods. It has been my habit to call the children from their play at five, give them a plain supper, but of such things as children like, because otherwise they might refuse to eat and retire with an empty stomach, which would prove nearly as disastrous in the end as an overloaded one in each child's case.

Would you like some of my simple recipes?

After tea has been served, the children have been forbidden to romp or indulge in any but quiet plays until half or three-quarters of an hour (according to the number of younger children) before bed-time; then, the day-clothes having been removed, the feet and lower limbs of each one were bathed in tepid water, taking care to rub gently downward while in the tub for some seconds. This has a wonderfully soothing effect upon weary, aching limbs in young or old people. When each little one, with clean face and hands and freshly bathed limbs, is ready for bed; when good-night kisses have been given and prayers have been said; when upon cool hair or moss pillows each dear head reposed, I always took time, no matter what other calls pressed their claims, to

read for at least half an hour, first, of course, from the Book of books, then some pleasant story.

Just here let me introduce a bit of caution which in your own case I imagine to be little needed: Avoid reading painful tales or anything calculated to leave a disagreeable impression on the young, tender heart. Avoid undue reproof, too, and, above all, punishment the last thing at night. Never allow a child to fall asleep under a cloud or with tears on its cheeks.

One evening, not long since, the night air resounded with the cries of a little child. "O mother! don't—don't, I will be good, I will—I will," together with the blows dispensed by that mother's hand. And I would not for worlds have been in that woman's place. Would you? No, indeed. It is very important for a child's physical and moral well-being that it fall asleep in perfect peace and quiet of body and soul.

Do you think me too particular—do you esteem the subject too insignificant for so long a dissertation. Pray, believe me when I affirm what I know to be a fact, viz.: that children have been seized with convulsions during the night after being punished just before retiring! Ah me! we cannot deal too wisely, too tenderly, with these little ones whose angels do always behold the face of Our Father. He would have us make them the first instead of the last consideration ever in our calculations. He would have us give up our own way, our own will, our own convenience, our own ease and comfort, if necessary, in order that they may be ever led in pleasant paths and beside still waters. And in the end we shall reap a rich reward in beholding our daughters polished ornaments, not only of society, but of the glorious temple of our God; our sons grown up to noble manhood powers for good in the world, taking as their lawful right the highest places in Church and State. Above all shall we rejoice to behold our children made heirs of salvation, meet for the kingdom of God.

Unconsciously, I have allowed this one subject to take up all my letter, yet if you like what I have said and find it profitable, I shall not be sorry. Thine,  
RUTH ARGYLE.

## The Home Circle.

### HOME STUDY.

MY subject has not novelty to recommend it. The most of our papers and magazines have at one time or another discussed it, especially since the Boston and Chautauqua Societies have given the matter an impetus. Yet, considering its real and too often unrecognized importance, I think it is hardly possible to say too much about it.

This was brought forcibly to my mind on reading the letter from "Hyla" in the April number of the HOME MAGAZINE. She speaks for hundreds, perhaps thousands, of girls in these, our United States—earnest, thoughtful, conscientious girls, who are longing with all their eager young hearts for higher culture, and striving with busy brains and hands to find the means of attaining it, yet to whom a college education seems quite as much out of the question as—well, as a "gold watch, a diamond ring, or a trip to Europe."

Oh! I know all about it. It is not so very long since I was in the midst of just such striving, "all of which I saw and a part of which I was." My heart aches for these girls, and I wish I might help every one of them in some direct way. Since that is not possible I should like, at least, to offer a word which may encourage them to persist in the effort to help themselves. No doubt the writer in the November number felt the same. I do not think she meant to discourage any one. It is probable that much of what she said was intended merely to show how much may be accomplished when one really sets herself to work with a single eye for a single aim. In this sense I think she was very nearly right. For, although there are exceptions to all rules, it seems safe to assert that, leaving out of the question wholly unforeseen and ruinous catastrophes, it is possible for any person to attain success in any reasonable ambition, provided everything—absolutely everything—is made subservient to the one purpose. Let us therefore fix our eyes steadfastly on the gleaming star of hope and hope's fruition that beckons us from the distant eminence, and then boldly advance with what power is given us. We may not be able to fly or run or even to walk through all the toilsome way; yet we may creep, at least, and some day attain the goal. But there must be no loitering through shady lanes or alluring side-paths. No halt may be made except through necessity or for needed rest. Sacrifices, little and great, must be offered up at every step of the way. Therefore, before setting out on such a path, we should give the matter long and earnest consideration, making sure, if possible, that success in our aim is worth all we shall be forced to pay for it. If the object sought is the gold watch, diamond ring, or anything of that ilk, I doubt if the pleasure it might bring would be equal to that sacrificed. But a collegiate education is worth some sacrifices. If it is gained the sacrifices must be made; there is no evading them.

Charlotte Brontë says: "Every joy that life gives must be earned ere it is secured, and how hardly earned those only know who have wrestled

for great prizes. The heart's blood must gem with red beads the brow of the combatant before the wreath of victory rustles over it."

Experience teaches us that this is only too true. Let it be granted that all are prepared for it. Yet we know that any good of this world, however desired and desirable, may still be too dearly bought. The question of these girls is how to gain the higher education without paying too dearly for it. Twenty-five years of hard work and pinching poverty merely to obtain the means for beginning it, after the freshness and vigor of life is past, is certainly too high a price. I think that for these girls the "open door" will be found chiefly in that which is the subject of this article—home study.

I know many think they can do nothing in this way. They are too busy, too ill, too much occupied with the necessary duties of home and society, the care of teaching, or self-supporting service of some sort. Yet I believe there are few if any cases where by persistent and earnest effort something of value could not be done. I do not speak without personal experience. By home study and without instruction I have done some work which was, I think, well worth doing, which, at any rate, proves a source of great pleasure to me. The time I have been able to devote to this purpose can hardly be more than most girls, even the busiest, may command, and even this little time has been, and is, subject to interruptions more disheartening than, I think, many would be called on to experience. No doubt, a teacher and companions interested in the same pursuit would have made this work pleasanter. But, knowing that I must depend on myself, I formed the habit of close and thoughtful study, which I might not have done had a teacher been at hand to solve all difficulties. And this habit is worth as much to a student as the actual knowledge gained.

One reason why home study sometimes fails of a good result is because it is undertaken without method or fixed object. The interest soon flags—something more agreeable presents itself, and the attempt is abandoned. To avoid this catastrophe, it would be well not only to decide on the main object of study, but to consider all its bearings and details before opening the first book.

"Whatever thou takest in hand, remember the end, and thou shalt never do amiss."

Let us suppose your heart is set on school. It is true that Mt. Holyoke and other similar schools are excellent in their way. But why despair of college when Wellesley offers as thorough and extended a course as any, with music, painting, or laboratory practice (according to the special course one chooses), the best of lectures, concerts, etc., for two hundred and fifty dollars per year? One hour's work per day done by each girl makes this possible, and a laundry is provided where any girl may do her own washing if she chooses. I believe Wellesley College has also a fund, though not yet so large as desired, from which deserving students are sometimes given pecuniary aid, according to their need. Wellesley has no preparatory department, and if this college is chosen, the preparation

for it must be made elsewhere. First obtain a catalogue and learn from that if your attainments are sufficient to procure your admission to the Freshman class. If not, you may fit yourself for it by studying at home in the intervals of your work. One study, thoughtfully, but not hurriedly pursued, will not materially add to the burdens of your working days or interfere with your vacations. If when prepared for college you still lack the means to take and keep you there, go on with your work and study, taking up such parts of the Freshman work as seem best suited to your opportunities.

Eighteen dollars per year for clothing and personal expenses is certainly a small margin, but if you can make it do, so much the better. From ten to fifteen dollars will probably be ample for all the books and apparatus you will need yearly, with perhaps a magazine or two thrown in to keep you informed on the general topics of the time; the rest you may save. Do not wait for two thousand dollars, but when you think you have enough to keep you one year in college, go without fear. Do not scorn help, if it may honorably be taken. Those who offer it enjoy nothing so much as helping those who are trying to help themselves. Make the best use of your time, and if when the year is over you must go back to the old task of earning, you will find yourself better prepared for it than before. You will also find that your solitary study can be done to better advantage than before. Even if this one year of college life is all that is possible to you, it will prove, I am sure, well worth your trouble. But, if possible, go back again. Perhaps you have studied to such good purpose that one more year will graduate you. If not, try again. Never mind if it does take a long time. I have known young men to go through college in just this way, and feel amply rewarded for all their time and toil by the better chance of success in a struggle with the world which the completion of their course had given them. Why should not young women do the same?

Thus far what I have said has been on the supposition that a college education is your heart's desire. If, however, you do not care especially about the means, provided the desired end is attained—if you can be satisfied with education without the college, in some respects your course may be much simpler. You have only to decide on the special direction you shall give to your efforts, then study, taking advantage of whatever help may come in your way. Here, perhaps a teacher for some special branch may be found; there, another; at another time your own unaided efforts may bring the best results. You will not have the college influence and feeling—the drill and stimulus of friendly or unfriendly rivalry, or the diploma, and these things you will regret. Let us see if there be not some compensation. You may have the same knowledge of the branches chosen that you would have had if you had studied them in college; indeed, you may have a more thorough knowledge of them than is usually gained in the hurry and cram and change of college work. You will have formed the habit of studying thoughtfully and carefully without outward stimulus, and as years go on this may lead to fine results. Even conscientious students are apt to feel that education is finished on commencement day. They drop studious habits as they enter upon

new and active life. They seem to look upon it as a long vacation. You will have no "commencement" to mark a boundary. Just beyond your present possessions you will see new worlds to conquer. The habit of study I have spoken of will lead you on, always a little further, and will form an element of content and happiness wherever your lot may be cast.

I should like to say one word more in regard to the method of this home study. In the first place, suit it to your strength. Never let it encroach on sleep. Some authority on such matters has said that if a person sleep eight hours he cannot do enough work in the remaining sixteen to injure his health. This might be questioned; yet if it had been said, as was probably meant, that of work suited to the measure of his strength he could not do enough to injure him in the remaining sixteen hours, I think it might be relied on. Then sleep eight hours, that you may work safely during the rest of the time. When you have decided just what the work is to be, study faithfully, but do not hurry—above all, do not *cram*. That is the reproach cast, and often justly, upon our high schools and colleges, and it is an error into which an ambitious student is liable to fall. Do not strain to do all you can in a day. Assign yourself a moderate task, and when it is done shut your book with a clear conscience. Neither allow yourself to neglect this work just because you do not feel in a mood for it, nor force yourself to it when you are really ill or in need of rest. This, as well as other things, requires the exercise of judgment and common sense. This requirement met, you will not weary of study, nor will it injure your health. It will be a source of pride and delight through all your future life.

HELEN HERBERT.

### LETTER FROM AUNTIE.

MY DEAR GIRLS:—A young friend asks how we are to conduct our intercourse with those who are uncongenial to us. The answer, in brief, must be to use patience, toleration, charity, and to recognize and respect the rights of others as we wish our own rights to be recognized and respected—to follow the golden rule.

This problem every one has to meet and solve in some form. It is very unusual for even two persons who love each other to find themselves in entire harmony in all points at all times. When the affection is sincere, mutual toleration is a matter of course and of not such great difficulty. But where the incompatibility assumes a more pronounced form, and selfishness, self-assertion, and intolerance add their forces to render another's presence like the presence of an alien soul, whose thoughts are not as our thoughts and whose eyes can no more see what our eyes see than as if they wore "leather spectacles;" then, indeed, the question assumes a serious aspect—one full of perplexities and pitfalls, and requires our most earnest thought, our finest tact, and, perhaps, may help to strengthen our noblest principles, or may prove to us how very weak and fallible we ourselves are, how much discipline we still need to be able to be faithful to the highest.

If we find ourselves in close relations with those who do not share our thoughts, we can endeavor to share theirs—we can try to find the things which interest them and use these points of interest as



common ground upon which to meet. If ever we can help them in their projects, plans, or hopes, we should do so gladly—always providing if we can do so without violating the dictates of conscience. We can try to “draw them by the bands of love” into what seems to us to be a purer state and freer atmosphere. In making this effort, we ourselves may become aware of a falsity in our own position, or we may be able to enable them to see where they are wrong. In many cases, the possibility of mutual knowledge of each other is frequently all that is needed to lead to mutual interest and respect, if not into intimacy and friendship.

But where the tastes, motives, and habits are utterly at variance, and where these are accompanied by a feeling of personal antagonism that will not see, I think silence is best. Speech usually only increases the division, strengthens the antagonism. We must try to look upon those thus affected as being the victims of disease, as indeed they are, and to regard them with a tender, compassionate mercy and think of them with suspended judgment.

Our first impulse is so apt to be a feeling of anger and resentment toward one who does what appears to us to be wrong, while our feeling should be one of sorrow and regret, that any should so allow themselves to be blinded to the truth and that they will so hurt themselves; for every expression of an evil passion hurts those who give way to that expression, more forcefully, more deeply and lastingly, than it can possibly injure another.

How tenderly and forgivingly must the angels—God's messengers—look upon us to be able to remain with and help us. Hating evil as they do, with the repulsion of perfect purity, it must be in the purest love for the little good they can see in us that they can approach any dweller upon the earth, for we are all, in a greater or less degree, under the bonds of evil; but, in spite of this universal presence, they still come to us, encouraging and cherishing the germs of good, and trying ever to draw us toward the perfect light of perfect goodness and truth.

The great bond of humanity is love. We are the creation of Divine Love, and by its force is all life bound together. When we are able to truly love one another, those vexed questions will disappear. I fear that state, so greatly to be desired, must still be in the very far future, and, until then, we can only each cultivate in our hearts the germs of the love that, in its fullness, shall think no evil, vaunteth not itself, envieth not, and believeth, hopeth, and endureth forever.

We should endeavor to see, not the weakness, frailties, and sins of others, but the possibilities of which they are capable, and address ourselves to those capabilities as though they were really existing. Thus we shall help them into reality and being, and the results would often, I think, be surprising.

When there seems no present possibility of anything but silence, beyond the most ordinary civilities, we must strive to let that silence be a tolerant, charitable, loving silence. It will speak in its own spirit, less loudly, perhaps, than an accusing, critical, bitter, condemnatory silence, but slowly, surely, effectively, healthfully, will its influence work its way in the end. Strive to render

your own lives as free as possible from the “little-nesses that make mankind weak,” and, with a great deal of “patience and sweet reasonableness and a great deal of pluck and perseverance,” pursue steadfastly the way that seems to lead toward the highest life.

AUNTIE.

### AN ANSWER TO MAY.

I WAS overjoyed to find a letter from “one of the girls” in the May number of the MAGAZINE, and read it with more pleasure than I can express in words.

I, too, have often wondered if there are many girls who read ARTHUR'S MAGAZINE, especially the letters in the Home Circle, with as much enjoyment and benefit as I do.

There is so much for us all to think of and to strive for. We need a great deal of faith and prayer to keep us out of the many temptations which beset us on every side, and even then our feet will often step aside, and before we think what we are doing, a hasty word is spoken or an unkind deed done.

I get a great deal of help from the letters to us girls. Often and often do I bless the writers of those letters for their earnest and kind interest in us, and for the help and strength they give us. I do not think they can realize how much good they are doing. If all the girls who read the Home Circle get as much benefit as I do, the good those kind, loving words do is unlimited. I always make many resolutions after reading them, and feel so strong and encouraged.

I think we girls give too little thought to the influence we are daily exerting over those with whom we are brought in contact. Let us ask ourselves the question: Do we influence those about us for good or for evil? There is not one of us but exerts a wide influence (it is impossible to realize how wide) upon our fellow-beings. Then let us each look well to ourselves that our influence in every case is for good and not for evil. The only way we can do this is to study self-improvement constantly, to try to be as useful to others as possible, and, though we may be unconscious of the fact, we shall be making those around us better and happier.

ALLIE.

**TO CLEAN BLACK SILK WITHOUT STIFFENING OR GLAZING ONE SIDE.**—Well brush the silk on both sides; then rub with a piece of coarse flannel to remove remaining dust. Have hot irons ready and a basin containing equal parts of whisky and cold water. With a piece of clean flannel dipped in this mixture, sponge the silk very thoroughly on the worn side. Do not be afraid of wetting the silk, but see that it is equally damp all over. Take a breadth of thin calico or old lining material washed free from starch, wring it out of clean cold water; lay smoothly over the prepared silk, and iron, pressing it very well. The irons must be pretty hot, and the pressing continued until the silk also is dry. Remove the calico, and you will find it has preserved the upper surface from glazing, and that your silk, if worth doing at all, has the gloss and consistency of new without the rustling stiffness which is always objectionable.

## Character Sketches.

### THE PHOTOGRAPH ALBUM.

GOOD-AFTERNOON, Miss Robbins. Come to see the funer'l pass, I s'pose. It's been very lively in town these two weeks you've been away; there's been five funer'ls and three vandues and two smallpox cases. I must remember and tell you all the partickelers. In the fust place, Sam Tunison and his wife's separated, for they didn't walk together at his mother's funer'l and that's always a sure sign. And Billy Peters' wife was glad when the poor old soul died, for she didn't take it hard at all, didn't cry or go on a bit, as far as I could see. And 'Zekiel Acker rode in the fust carriage along with the minister, and his wife's folks in the second carriage. It don't seem to me that that was the proper thing to do.

Will you look at the paper, Miss Robbins? It aint much good; I guess I'll stop it. Aint never hardly any deaths in any more, nor no family troubles. Don't care for the paper, eh? Well, here's the photograph album. There's father and mother—beats all how old-fashioned pictures do git to look in a few short years. And there's our old minister—sich excellent doctrinal sermons as he used to preach; and then to think he'd go and leave us and go all the way to Spring Hook, Nebraska, jist for a raise of a hundred and fifty a year on to his salary! What a savin' woman his wife used to be! and she had to be, to be sure—sich an everlastin' family of children as they did have! There, that's the woman what was hung for killin' five husbands—two of 'em she pizened and two she choked and one she killed with the gridiron when she was a fryin' flapjacks. I had to pay fifty cents for that picter; thought I must have it. There's Will'm Henery's half-sister's son's little boy—jist got on pants and feels very big, of course. There, that's me when I was fust married—Jeminy Day's step-daughter, she had the impudence to say it flattered me—she was as homely as a brush-fence. There, that's the man I was a tellin' you of—the man Sal Simpson led such a life, finally left him, and, without even so much as a divorce, went and married his second cousin's wife's half-brother, all the worse for bein' in the family. There's the Siamese Twins, and there's Tom Thumb and his wife. And there's Abe Linkum, and there's the fat woman—cost me twenty-five cents to see that onct in York. There, that's that poor Miss Smith what died with sich a terrible cancer—how thankful we had all ought to be that we aint got no cancers! Sich a operation as she had to through with—cost six hundred dollars, and then warn't no good after all. I'd a demanded the money back if I'd a been Sam; but for that matter, like as not he was glad she died, went and married that young thing I was a tellin' you of before she was cold. A high time she'll have with them step-children of hers! Poor Miss Smith!—it's likely though she's better off, though they do say she was most awful mean about givin' to missions in Chiny—thought the heathen warn't accountable as long as they hadn't heard nothin'. Amazin' queer what notions some people gits into their heads these days! And here's poor Mariar

Matilda Jinkins—beats all what amazin' fine pumpkin-pies she used to make! She was always a goin' to give me her receipt. Poor thing! now she's gone! There, that's the last. What a satisfaction and comfort albums are, to be sure!

ELLA BEVIER.

### UNCLE MOSES AND THE COMET.

I'SE heard a powerful deal of talk  
'Bout dis yere long-tailed cumit;  
An' sum gits mighty nigh de truif,  
An' sum's a long ways frum it.  
Wall, bruddren, let me tole yo' what  
Dis niggah hab bin tinkin'—  
(Yo' gals an' boys had bettah quit  
Yer nudgin' an' yer winkin'.)

Now den my 'pinion am, de Lord  
Am splittin' up His kindlin',  
An' gad'ren' up His firebran's, so's  
Dar needn't be no hindrin'  
When He gits ready fur to set  
Dis yere ole yerth a blazin'.  
Den all yo' sinners bettah 'leab,  
'Twill heat yo' up amazin'.

De Lord hab sent dis yere big bran'  
To make yo' quit yore sinnin';  
(Yo' Jake, I'se gwine ter whop yo' good  
For dis yere scand'lous grinnin'.)  
Now, when dat cumit strikes de yerth  
An' tings starts up a heatin',  
Den all on ye kin clar de trnc'  
Wat can't behabe in meetin'.

Yo'd better b'liebe;—it's cumin' soon;  
Dat big torch am de warnin'.  
So clean de trash all out yo're hearts,  
An' hab dem clar by mornin'.  
Bruddren an' sistern, heah's de hat  
Fur gad'ren' up de nickuls;  
'Fore dat ar cumit whisks him tail  
I'se boun' ter hab sum vittuls.

RUTH ARGYLE.

A YOUNG preacher, who had just started on his travels as an itinerant, was one evening holding forth on the Deluge, and after describing the manner in which Noah built the Ark and filled it with animals of every kind, by pairs, closed in a solemn tone, thus: "You must know, my dear hearers, that it was an arduous task for Noah and his sons to get a pair of whales into the Ark."

A YOUNG lady once hinted to a gentleman that her thimble was worn out, and asked what reward she merited for her industry. He sent her an answer in the shape of a thimble, on which the following lines were engraved:

"I send a thimble, for fingers nimble,  
Which I hope will fit when you try it;  
It will last you long, if it's half as strong  
As the hint which you gave me to buy it."

## The Temperance Cause.

### WORK FOR THE CHILDREN.

UNITY of purpose is necessary for the success of any enterprise where numbers are working for the same result. "United we stand, divided we fall," or fail, most likely. That saying has been used so long and quoted so often that its full meaning is nearly, if not quite, lost. As regards our endeavors to redeem mankind from the sin of drunkenness it is, for there certainly has been work enough done in the field of temperance during the last twenty years to put every drunkard squarely on his feet and hold him there. Yet the result has been scarcely more than sufficient to keep up the courage of a few of the best workers. Could these few be brought together on some ground of common interest, the work would receive a new impetus. It cannot be denied that the interest in temperance work is falling off. The condition of our temperance organizations bears sad evidence of this. Now, our work with the full-grown man, with his habits strong upon him, if it has not been a failure, has not been a success sufficient to pay for the labor done. Most of our laws are made to help the man, but they do not work; for a drunkard can outwit the wisest and best of them, and right in the face of the law can get his rum.

It would seem uncharitable to say, "Drop the man and let him go his way," but I question whether it would not be the part of wisdom to do this and unite on something that will give a better telling in the future for our pains. Work for the children. Give our money, time, labor, love, and all to the children. We can win them. We shall not have the vices of years to contend with. Our Saviour has laid His commands upon us and God has made it natural in our hearts to love them, and in that love can be our union and strength. We have every incentive to work for them, for the future prosperity of the country depends upon the little ones of to-day. Should not everything be brought to bear for their future usefulness? In a few years these children will have to take the places we now occupy. Could we give them any better heritage than a knowledge of the right? Then fairly it is our duty to work for the children. There might be objections raised that children are subject to their parents or guardians, and that we can do nothing without their consent. True, but do you know of a father or a mother who is such a brute as to be offended at a kindness done to his or her child? Did you ever caress or pet a little one with its parents standing by? I have, and all that is good and lovely in their nature comes to the surface. It shines in their faces; you can see it in their movements; every act shows how glad they are. The very poor are most susceptible to this species of kindness.

I do not propose any force but love, and to love the little ones and to do them kindness is the surest way to the hearts of those who care for them in their infancy. I can see other results arising from this treatment; if we drop the men and women it will oblige them to think for themselves. We have gotten so far wrong in our endeavors to stop their

drinking that we have tried to think for them, even putting up standards for them to go by. But they do think, and in spite of us, and think their own way, too. We have found out to the bitter taste that we cannot force them into the places we think they ought to occupy. And, in my opinion, we have the last and best way left us yet; and that is to work through the natural channel—the love of the parents for their offspring. God has made that so. Every father and mother, whether high or low, will bear me out when I say that the surest and the purest way to their hearts is through that love for their children. How often we hear the expression, "As innocent as a little child." To hear it or just to think it gives us a sweet, glad feeling. It is so, they are innocent; no matter how ragged and dirty they are, if they were washed, and soft, pretty garments put on them, you could not tell a beggar from a prince. It is only in after years that they get coarse and roughened by contact with sin. Their little minds are clear white tablets, to be as readily enwrought with good as well as bad impressions.

I am not beyond my depth; I do remember that bad blood tells. I know that the grown man and woman will still be there to put in the bad impressions. But is it any better now? Don't spend any more money or labor on the man or woman to bring them to the fore. It seems like labor thrown away. In thousands of cases you get no thanks; they will take all you can do for them and as soon as your back is turned, thrust their tongues into their cheeks. Now, what is to hinder them from teaching their children how they can deceive? Why, in my opinion, it is like going backward, to work for the men and women when the children are the actual future for weal or woe. You would not attempt to turn a herd of cattle from their course by catching hold of a few of the hindmost. You would naturally go to the head to direct their course. My illustration is homely, no doubt. Perhaps it does not bring out my meaning clearly, but I still maintain that the work of reform should be carried on with the children only. Their elders will not suffer loss. It will be just as well for them now, and better in the future, when old age, with relentless hands, shall lead them down to the grave. Oh! it is easy for the imagination to picture many filial scenes of loving hands smoothing the way for repentance. In the natural course of events, the child becomes the parent of the man. Ah! will it not be much better for the man if the child learns to be good?

Do not think that I have forgotten that a great deal is being done for the children. But it is not enough. The laws ought to be made stronger for their protection. I should like to make one little law stronger, just this—that no rum-seller should be allowed to deliver into the hands of a child any intoxicating beverage. Why! the sight is perfectly appalling. In any of our large cities you can see the little children carrying pitchers and pails of beer and bottles of liquor. They are put to the work so young that they cannot see the

shame or the danger. Oh! if I only could have that one little law kept in force to protect them till they could learn better things.

There are a great many ins and outs to the question, and a hundred objections might be brought against what I have said, but I have one strong point on my side, and that is this, that no work of reform can be carried on to a successful issue unless the workers have a real love for their subjects. We cannot love the sin-besotted men and women, only in a general way, and that we have to force up by our religious principles. It is

so different with the little ones; we have love always in our hearts for them. They have not the sin stains to repulse us. Then let us go to work for them before sin can seal them down to a life of degradation. We cannot go to work too soon or too earnestly; for, in the course of all human reforms, we shall not live to see the work complete. But if we do our work well, we can safely leave it in the hands of the children for whom we have loved and labored.

EMILIE EGAN.

## Housekeepers' Department.

### HELPFUL HINTS.

**T**WO busy girls down-stairs are making cakes for the festival to-night. We sit in the library above, with the doors and windows all open, and the songs of the birds and the rustle of leaves are about us. We are writing a poem to be read, and yet we, the woman of the house, know just how things are progressing in the kitchen. The cake smells good, and we hail down to know if it is satisfactory, and the answer comes back, cheery as the song of a soaring lark: "We never had such luck! we will have the nicest cocoanut cakes there! There never was anything to compare with the Horsford baking-powder in making cakes; and you are to make a rose wreath for Alice's and a clover wreath for mine."

And then, in answer to the inquiry how our work progresses, we say the parting is very painful, but in the end the result will be as satisfactory as the cakes.

We like the way Alice cooks rhubarb. After it is prepared, she cooks it in just as little water as possible, with two or three handfuls of raisins thrown in. When cold, she sweetens it, not over-much, and adds a little cinnamon. Rhubarb, alone, is such a plain sour, so like vinegar, that the raisins, cooked soft and thoroughly, give it, with sugar and cinnamon, a really fruity flavor, and it makes a fine, wholesome sauce. The second growth of rhubarb, in September, is very nice to can in glass for sauce and pies in the early spring-time.

PIPSEY.

### RECIPES.

**DEVILED EGGS.**—Boil eight eggs hard; lay them in cold water until perfectly cold. Take off the shells, cut in half, slicing a piece off the bottom to make them stand; take out the yolks and mix to a smooth paste with a little butter, a very little mustard, and just a dash of vinegar. Fill the hollowed whites with this mixture, and send to the table on a bed of cress or lettuce, seasoned with salt, pepper, vinegar, and a little sugar.

**RICE AND HOMINY GRIDDLE-CAKES.**—Mix two tablespoonfuls of flour with two teacups of cold rice or hominy and a little milk; add one or two eggs. Add as much more milk as may be necessary to give the desired consistency when cooked. Too much flour or eggs makes them close.

**HOMINY WAFFLES.**—To two teacups of hot hominy add one tablespoonful of good butter; when cold add one cup of sifted wheat flour, a little salt, and enough milk to make a stiff batter; add three well-beaten eggs, mix the ingredients well together, and bake in waffle irons.

**JELLY CUSTARDS.**—Make a custard of one quart of milk and six eggs, sweeten with one cup of sugar, boil gently until it thickens well, and flavor with vanilla when cold. Fill the custard-glasses two-thirds full, and heap with jelly. Use red for half of the glasses and yellow for the remainder.

**POTATO MUFFINS.**—Boil three or four medium sized potatoes, mash them; beat in a teaspoonful of salt and a piece of butter the size of an egg; make this perfectly smooth and about the consistency of starch by adding a little warm water, beat up two eggs with the potatoes, dissolve one-third of an yeast cake in one pint of warm milk, mix these well together; then add enough sifted wheat flour to make the usual muffin batter. Set it in a warm place to rise. Bake in rings on a griddle.

**TOAST MAKING.**—Some cooks think they are serving up a plate of toast when they have simply charred the outside of thick slices of bread, leaving the inside more "fresh" and spongy than before it was cooked. This is enjoyed by healthy persons, but for the invalid it is not desirable. Toast for the sick should be always well dried first in the oven, and then held at sufficient distance from the fire to make it a golden brown, not black. It should be buttered immediately, and do not put it in the oven to keep hot. If it cannot be served at once, cover it over, and then pour a little boiling water over it at the last moment.

**ODORS IN BOTTLES, ETC.**—Clean the vessel thoroughly by scalding, scouring, or shaking with shot, coarse sand, etc., then wash with a mixture of black mustard and warm water; chlorate of soda will frequently answer the purpose, or a solution of permanganate of potassium, followed by diluted sulphuric acid.

**TO CLEAN MARBLE.**—Mix powdered chalk and pumice stone, each one part with two parts of common soda, into a paste with water, and rub it thoroughly on the marble; or mix quicklime and strong soap lye to consistency of milk, and lay it on the marble for twenty-four hours; in both cases wash off thoroughly with soap and water.



## Evenings with the Poets.

### WAIT FOR THE WINGS.

**M**Y little maiden of four years old—  
No myth, but a genuine child is she,  
With her bronze-brown eyes and her curls of gold—

Came quite in disgust, one day, to me;

Rubbing her shoulder with rosy palm,  
(As the loathsome touch seemed yet to thrill her),  
She cried, "O mother! I found on my arm  
A horrible, crawling caterpillar!"

And with mischievous smile she could scarcely smother,  
Yet a look, in its daring, half-awed and shy,  
She added, "While they were about it, mother,  
I wish they'd just finished the butterfly!"

They were words to the thoughts of the soul that turns  
From the coarser form of a partial growth,  
Reproaching the Infinite Patience that yearns  
With an unknown glory to crown them both!

Ah! look thou largely, with lenient eyes,  
On whatso beside thee may creep and cling,  
For the possible beauty that underlies  
The passing phase of the meanest thing!

What if God's great angels, whose waiting love  
Beholdeth our pitiful life below,  
From the holy height of their Heaven above,  
Couldn't bear with the worm till the wings should grow?  
MRS. A. D. T. WHITNEY.

### THE CRICKETS.

**P**PIPE, little minstrels of the waning year,  
In gentle concert, pipe!  
Pipe the warm noons; the mellow harvest near;  
The apple droppings ripe;

The tempered sunshine and the softened shade;  
The trill of homely bird;  
The sweet, sad hush on Nature's gladness laid;  
The sounds through silence heard!

Pipe tenderly the passing of the year;  
The summer's brief reprieve;  
The dry hush rustling round the yellow ear;  
The chill of morn and eve!

Pipe the untroubled trouble of the year;  
Pipe low the painless pain;  
Pipe your unceasing melancholy cheer;  
The year is on the wane.

HARRIET McEWEN KIMBALL.

### A PRESENT HELP.

**W**E may not climb the heavenly steep  
To bring the Saviour down;  
In vain we search the lowest deeps,  
For Him no depth can drown.

But warm, sweet, tender, even yet  
A present help is He;  
And faith has yet its Olivet,  
And love its Galilee.

The healing of His seamless dress  
Is by our beds of pain;  
We touch Him in life's throng and press,  
And we are whole again.

Through Him the first fond prayers are said  
Our lips of childhood frame,  
The last low whispers of our dead  
Are burdened with His name.

O Lord and Master of us all!  
Whate'er our name or sign,  
We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call,  
We test our lives by Thine.

J. G. WHITTIER.

### THE LILIES OF THE FIELD.

**T**HE Saviour's flowers! How pure and fair  
Those simple "Lilies of the Field;"  
How sweet as incense to the air,  
Their fragrant snow-white blossoms yield!

Not Solomon in glory bright,  
In gorgeous and in gold array,  
Was such a fair and wondrous sight  
As in their modest beauty, they!

They weave not the white robes they wear;  
They toil not, neither do they spin;  
No burdens like frail man they bear,  
For, unlike him, they know not sin.

O emblems fair! O emblems sweet,  
Of Christian humbleness of heart!  
May we, as pure, at Heaven's feet  
Sit low, and "choose the better part."

That to the "meek in heart" alone  
Is by the Great Redeemer given;  
That brings us kneeling to His throne,  
Throws wide the Golden Gates of Heaven.  
Chambers's Journal.

### THE BUILDING OF THE NEST.

**T**HEY'LL come again to the apple-tree—  
Robin and all the rest—  
When the orchard branches are fair to see  
In the snow of the blossom drest,  
And the prettiest thing in the world will be  
The building of the nest.

Weaving it well, so round and trim,  
Hollowing it with care—  
Nothing too far away for him,  
Nothing for her too fair—  
Hanging it safe on the topmost limb,  
Their castle in the air.

Ah, mother-bird! you'll have weary days  
When the eggs are under your breast,  
And shadow may darken the dancing rays  
When the wee ones leave the nest;  
But they'll find their wings in a glad amaze,  
And God will see to the rest.

So come to the trees with all your train  
When the apple blossoms blow;  
Through the April shimmer of sun and rain  
Go flying to and fro,  
And sing to our hearts as we watch again  
Your fairy-building grow.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

## Health Department.

### EMERGENCIES.

**M**ANY a life flickers and goes out "before the doctor comes," just because bystanders do not know what to do in the emergency.

Perhaps the most pressing of these cases are where a profuse bleeding is to be stopped and where poison has been taken accidentally or intentionally.

In case of a wound, the first thing to be observed is the *color of the blood*. If it be dark and flows steadily it is easily managed; but if bright scarlet and spouting in jets, an artery has been severed. Send immediately for a physician. In the meantime, try to stop the flow by pressure.

If the wound is on the arm or leg, fold a handkerchief crosswise and tie tightly around the limb between the *cut and the heart*, pressing the knot upon the artery. Place a pad of lint, cotton, or rag on the part and keep wet with cold water.

If it be on the arm, hold it up above the head; if on the leg, lie down and prop the foot up.

If there be no one near to assist, press a handful of dry earth to the wound and grasp tightly until help comes.

A hemorrhage from the lungs can be distinguished from bleeding from the stomach by being coughed up in small quantities—scarlet in color and frothy.

Apply cold water to the chest and throat, raise the head and shoulders, keep the patient perfectly still, and give a teaspoonful of vinegar, with one of paregoric, in cold water. Repeat in half an hour.

Protracted bleeding from the nose may be checked by bathing the face and neck with cold water and injecting into the nose water in which a small quantity of alum has been dissolved.

In the alarming event of poison being taken into the stomach, try to induce immediate vomiting. A teaspoonful of ground mustard in half a pint of warm water is generally efficacious.

For arsenic or rat poison, give large quantities of milk and raw eggs, lime water or flour and water.

For oxalic acid (used in polishing brass or removing stains from linen) put an ounce of magnesia to a pint of water and give a wineglassful every three minutes. Whiting, chalk, soda, lime water, or even a piece of plaster knocked from the walls, pounded fine and mixed with water, may take the place of magnesia. At the same time, let another person cut brown soap in small pieces and give a teaspoonful at a time in water.

For copperas, verdigris, food, or confectionery cooked in unclean copper vessels, or pickles made green by copper, give quantities of milk and white of egg, then strong tea—no acid.

For corrosive sublimate (used to destroy insects), mercury, or calomel, give the white of an egg in water, repeat twice more at intervals of five minutes; also, large quantities of milk or flour and water; then linseed tea.

For laudanum, opium, paregoric or soothing sirup, the symptoms being stupor, lapsing into profound sleep, give a powerful emetic. After vomiting has been caused, give plenty of strong coffee; put a mustard plaster around the calf of each leg, and, if sinking, stimulants. Use every means to keep the patient awake, as sleep at this stage means death.

Prussic acid and oil of bitter almonds usually produce instant death, but if there be time give sal volatile and water, hold smelling salts to the nose, and give stimulants. For strychnine, rat poison, etc., try

to produce vomiting, give linseed tea, and send quickly for a physician and stomach-pump.

In severe burns and scalds, if the skin has been destroyed, lay a thin muslin over the surface, and apply raw linseed oil with a feather. After "the fire is out," wash the sore with Castile soap and warm water.

A good liniment for burns and scalds is made by filling a two-ounce vial one-third full of lime water and filling it up with sweet oil.

In case of sunstroke, lay the patient in a cool place, but do not carry him far to a house. Unfasten the clothes about the neck and waist. Keep the head raised and apply wet cloths to it; put mustard on the calves of the legs and soles of the feet; give a gentle stimulant if he can swallow.

Almost all the cases I have mentioned are matters of life and death, and my suggestions are only to utilize precious minutes until professional help comes.

V. B. H.

### NOURISHING DRINKS FOR THE SICK.

**T**HE following from *Harper's Bazar* will be found valuable articles on diet for the sick:

**ALMOND MILK** (an exceedingly nutritious beverage, useful in most conditions of illness).—Pour a quart of boiling water upon a pound of shelled almonds, and when the skins soften rub them off the kernels with a clean towel; pound the almonds thus blanched in a mortar, putting in three or four at a time and adding four or five drops of milk, as the almonds are being pounded, to prevent oiling—about a tablespoonful of milk will be required for the quarter of a pound of almonds; when the almonds are finely pounded, mix them with a pint of milk, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, a level teaspoonful of salt, and the yellow rind of a lemon, and place the milk over the fire to boil; meantime beat three eggs smoothly and strain the almond milk into them, stirring the mixture as the milk is strained in; return it to the saucepan, and place it in another pan of hot water over the fire, stirring it constantly until it begins to thicken; then remove it at once from the fire, strain it, and use it.

**BARLEY MILK** (a refreshing and nutritious beverage, useful in fevers and gastric inflammation).—Wash four ounces of pearl barley in cold water until the water is clear; put it over the fire in a double kettle with a quart of milk and a level teaspoonful of salt, and boil it until the milk is reduced one-half; then strain off the milk and sweeten it to suit the taste of the patient.

**IRISH MOSS WATER** (a bland, nutritious drink, excellent in feverish conditions and in colds).—Wash half an ounce of moss in plenty of cold water and soak it for ten minutes in a pint of cold water; then add two pints of cold water, a tablespoonful of sugar, and an inch of stick cinnamon to it, and boil it until it is about as thick as cream; strain it, add more sugar if it is desired, and use it while warm. The yellow rind of a lemon may replace the cinnamon as flavoring.

**ICELANDIC MOSS CHOCOLATE** (a very nutritious drink, suitable for use when abundant nourishment is required).—Wash one ounce of moss thoroughly in cold water; then put it over the fire to boil in one pint of water. Grate one ounce of chocolate fine, mix it with half a cupful of cold milk, stir it into a pint of boiling milk and boil it for five minutes; then add it to the boiling moss, strain them together, sweeten them to suit the taste of the patient, and use the beverage warm.

## Art at Home.

**Exceedingly Pretty Curtains** may be had for a summer home in the country at very low prices. Purchase the required number of yards in cheese cloth, and then hunt up a few yards of chints, with large blossoms, a profusion of buds and leaves; then buy another bit of chints, showing a pattern all animation, where the figures are generously scattered over the pretty tinted ground. Cut out the flowers, the quaintly dressed boys and girls, the little dogs, birds, and the bees and gorgeously colored butterflies, and transfer them to the goods that you wish to drape over your windows. To do this work nicely it is necessary to have control of an artistic taste and a certain knowledge governing the principles of designing. It is true that there is given a very wide latitude to colors, and this liberty has led to an almost unlimited use of combining shades that were at one time never seen side and side, except in the store. This do-as-you-please sort of way in the use of colors affords ample space for originality in securing particular lights and shadows. When the chints or cretonne designs are transferred to the cheese cloth or the loosely woven unbleached domestic goods, first plan the border, which should be uniform in style, that a pretty finish to the sides may be realized. The other decorations may be arranged in clusters or scattered over the drapery in a systematic order, but so laid that all exactitude, stiffness of position, may be avoided. Button-hole stitch the designs to the cloth, and when the stems are very slender let them serve as a foundation for embroidered stems, which will add to the beauty of the transferred appliqued patterns. The expense attending a pair of curtains of this description will not exceed two dollars and a half, and should a plaiting of lace adorn the edge the price would be increased to three and a half or four dollars—certainly a small sum for a pair of handsome window curtains equal in effect to Madras drapery, which is somewhat expensive. However, even when Madras can be afforded, the transferred decorated window draperies might be preferred by some who have many leisure hours and take special delight in exercising their taste for the beautiful. And there is a sweet charm, a special tenderness experienced, and a purity of love infused in a household where the ladies and the girls lend a hand in adding to the home beautifying by their own industry. Transferred decorations give a very artistic effect to many articles appropriate for the parlor, dining-room, and the sleeping-rooms of both old and young. It is surprising what beautiful toilet cushions can be produced with a plain piece of cashmere or any all-wool goods, upon which transfer velvet leaves and embroider in floss a cluster of buds or any small flower copy from nature. The velvet can be cotton back, and can be purchased for forty or fifty cents a yard.

**Window hangings** may be very prettily made of fashion drapery of dark color, by placing deep stripes of lighter colored felt or cloth across the top and bottom within six inches of the edges. If the stripes are sewed on with fancy stitches in colored crewels or silks, the stitches extending over the edge of the stripe on the material itself, it will form a sort of bordering, and be very effective.

**Toilet or dressing tables** are very convenient, and add considerably to the beauty of a prettily furnished bedroom. It is surprising how much can be effected at home in producing this very necessary piece of furniture. A few hours' labor and a certain amount of taste will transform an ordinary dry goods box into an artistic dressing table.

The materials required are tinted cambric, plain Swiss or dotted muslin, a little lace, and some ribbon.

Make a curtain of the cambric, after having covered the box with the same goods, and tack it to the upper edge of the box. It should just touch the floor. Over this place the muslin, evenly gathered or laid in kilt plaits. A lace edging from two to four inches wide is stitched around the lower edge. The top of the box is covered with the same materials laid on smoothly. The pincushion and side boxes are all covered with the cambric and muslin. These latter are formed of stiff paper and lined with cambric. Ribbon bows are tacked on the corners of the table, which is placed beneath a window where a strong light can be had, and when used in the evening the table is easily moved near a gas bracket. Tables of this description covered with cretonne are very pretty.

**Pompons** can be made by cutting two circles of cardboard the size of the pompons desired, with a hole in the centre, and wind the silk evenly around the two, together, from the outside to the inside until the hole is filled up; then cut the silk at the outer edge, pass some coarse silk or twine between the cards, tying it tightly, and so keeping the silk together; then, having secured this, tear off the cardboards. A smooth ball, which a little clipping with sharp scissors ought to improve, is the result.

An evening paper says: "A common chair, without claims to beauty, can be dressed up and made comfortable and ornamental by a little painstaking effort. First note carefully the condition of the frame; if it is marred in any way, give it one or two coats of varnish. Make a soft cushion for the bottom of the chair, and cover it with "crazy" patchwork; tie the cushion to the chair with ribbons. For the back make a cushion to match the other; do not make it square, but narrow, and the full width of the chair. This is to be tied on with ribbons also. Put it where the shoulders will rest against it. It is best for the cushions, as well as for the quilts made of this kind of patchwork, that all the ornamentation be done with the needle. Handsome as the little sketches in oil and water-colors are, they are not durable."

**An elegant scarf table-cover** is of olive felt and the ends of dark red felt. The design is the carnation, a single blossom in each spray. The flowers are placed in single sprays on the lower edge of the end, which is about six inches deep. The flowers are done in crimson crewel in Kensington stitch, the foliage in the same stitch in olives.

**Chair Scarfs.**—Beautiful chair scarfs are now wrought in arrasene, a very elegant and delicate style of work. A remarkably handsome specimen recently shown is composed of Nile-green satin, with the centre-piece of arrasene, the design being a cluster of orange blossoms and pale-pink rosebuds.

**Pretty wall baskets** can be made by taking one of the rough straw hats so much worn at the seaside a year or two ago. If a flower or vine is not already embroidered on it, add some such decoration; then line the hat with muslin or silesia, finish the edge with a plaiting of ribbon, and tie a ribbon in a knot and fasten to it for a handle. The hat may be flattened by pressure or by using stout linen thread for that purpose.

A strip of black satin embroidered with some pretty floral device makes a rich wall panel. If this is supplemented at top and bottom with bands of crimson or copper color, it adds much to the beauty. A silken cord may be used to suspend it, and balls of silk might be attached to its lower end. The decoration of the panel can, of course, be varied as the

taste of the artist may suggest. Birds, figures, landscapes, and other appropriate things could be substituted for the flowers.

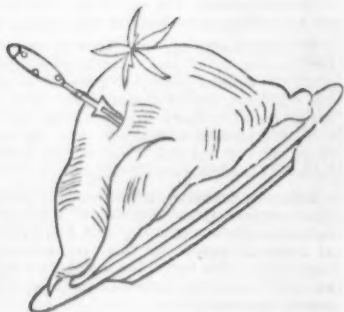
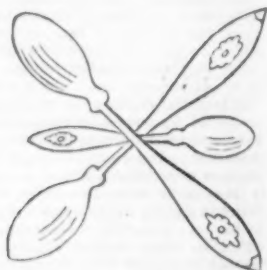
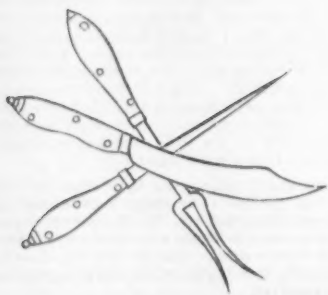
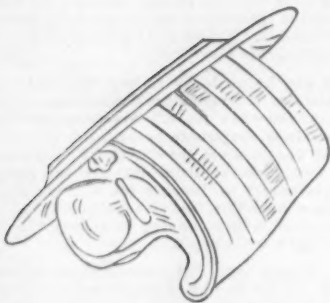
Window curtains of open-work linen, white or ecru, with colored silk, are quite pretty. Light blue and cherry silk are pleasant colors.

A portiere of dotted Swiss muslin, having tiny span-

gles sewed between each dot, on both sides of the muslin, and the portiere edged with narrow gold lace, is beautiful in its effect.

A clock stand may be made by covering a round, square, or other shaped block of wood with plush or velvet; a small braid over the edges and a monogram or medallion painted or embroidered on the front is all the ornament necessary.

## Fancy Needlework.



OUTLINE DESIGNS.



**Outline Designs.**—The set of six outline designs on opposite page can be put to a great number of uses.

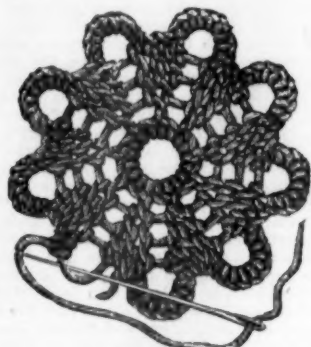
First, they may all be employed in the order shown on the page to ornament a tea-tray cover, or cloth to lay under a meat dish.

Again, each one, repeated, can be used to decorate a dozen dinner napkins. The fish alone are sometimes seen as a cover for a fish dish.

In addition to those shown, we can furnish dishes, ears of corn, and any number of pretty and original designs for table-linen.

Pretty, and not very expensive, wedding presents can be made of table-linen outlined in this way. We can furnish all materials necessary. Napkins stamped from \$3.50 a dozen upward, according to the quality of the napkins. Tea-tray covers of all linen, fringed, for \$1.50 apiece.

The stamping-pattern in each of the figures is a little over double the size given in the cut. The whole, arranged as a tea-tray cover, as in the illustration, is 20x12 inches.



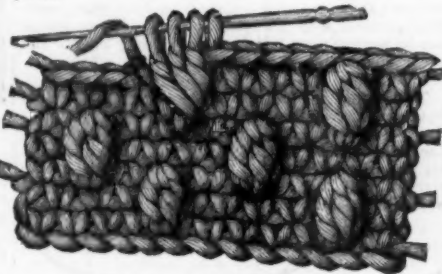
CORD WORK.

This is made with a needle, and is a kind of coarse needle-lace executed with black or colored purse silks, fine bobbin cord, or strong linen thread. It loses its character unless worked with thick materials, but it is immaterial whether silk or linen threads are used. It is made in the form of rosettes or in squares, and the patterns are taken from crochet designs. The patterns should be marked out upon tracing-linen and backed with silk. The only stitch used is the ordinary buttonhole, the varieties in the patterns being attained by either working these buttonholes close together, in compact masses, or separating them by carrying the working-thread plainly along the pattern over a certain fixed space.

The rosette shown in the illustration is worked as follows: First row—work into a small loop eighteen buttonholes; second row—work a buttonhole, miss the space of one and work another, continue to end of row, making nine buttonholes and nine spaces; third row—work two buttonholes, one on each side of the one in the previous row, and carry the thread plainly along in the spaces; third row—as second, but working three instead of two buttonholes; fourth row—as third, but working five buttonholes instead of three; fifth row—make nine loops, commencing each loop from the final buttonhole of the pattern and fastening it to the first buttonhole on the next pattern, so that the loop is situated over the spaces in the rosette and not over the buttonholes, run the thread across the thick parts of the rosette between the loops; sixth row—work nine buttonholes into each loop and two over the thick part of the pattern. Rosettes, of whatever design, are commenced from the centre with a circle made of cord, and buttonholed round. They

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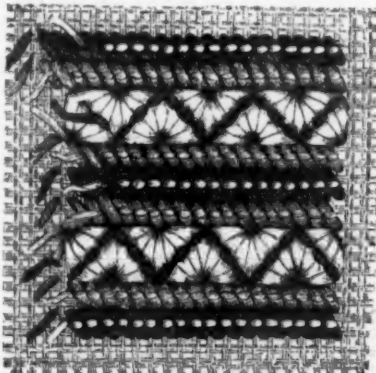
are increased by two or four extra stitches being worked in every round of buttonhole. In working squares, commence at the top with a line of close buttonhole worked upon a cord foundation, and from this, work either a plain, square crochet pattern or a simple, modern point-stitch; if the latter, see that it is inclosed on every side with a line of close buttonhole.



CROCHET—RAISED SPOT STITCH.

This stitch is useful for large pieces of work, such as counterpanes, couvrepieds, etc., and is generally worked in strips of various colors and sewn together when finished, as the return double crochet row allows of this. Berlin or fleecy wool required. It is formed with a foundation of double crochet, upon which dots made with treble crochet are worked, and so raised. Work two rows of double crochet, and for third row commence with two double crochet, \* put the cotton round the hook and insert into the third stitch of the first row, passing over the second row; take up the cotton and work a treble up to where two loops are left on the hook, work two more treble into the same stitch up to the same length (see cut, which shows the stitch at this stage); take the cotton on to the hook and draw it through the four loops, leave the stitch of the preceding row under the spot unworked, work five double crochet, and repeat from \*. Fourth row—a row of double crochet. Fifth row—work seven double crochet and then commence the raised spot, so that it may not come under the last worked.

In the cut given below, the manner of grouping three Berlin stitches together, so as to form a design, is shown. The stitches are slanting Gobelin,



SLANTING GOBELIN, BACK AND SATIN STITCH.

satin, and backstitch. The pattern is divided into strips of unequal breadth, the narrowest taking up

six threads in width, or three stitches; the widest, twelve threads, or six stitches. The latter strips are filled with three rows of slanting Gobelin, each stitch taken over four threads. When the wool-work is complete, these are backstitched over with a bright filoselle. The narrower strip is formed of satin stitch arranged as rays of seven stitches to a ray; each ray is commenced from its centre, and covers six threads of canvas; they are, when finished, outlined with back-stitch, formed with a contrasting color. This design can be worked upon leviathan or ordinary canvas and is suitable for most Berlin work.

This butterfly is intended as an ornament to be worn in the bonnet or in the hair, and is made as follows: Cut out the shape in buckram, allow for each wing one and one half inches in depth and one and one-eighth inches in width, and for the body one and one-eighth inches in length and a quarter of an inch in width. Shape the wings like the pattern, and round



BUTTERFLY IN FEATHER WORK.

the lower extremity of the body. To cover the two upper wings, sew on large and strong pheasant feathers, shape them by cutting them with scissors, so that they slope to meet the underwings, and notch their edges. Make the under wings of neck-feathers of the peacock, and let these slightly overlap the upper wings and notch their edges. Paint the edge of all the wings with lampblack in oil-color, and make the white spots with Chinese white. Upon the upper end of the body sew down two fine peacock filaments, one and three-quarter inches in length, to form the antennae, and then cover over the foundation with black velvet, shape the head, and make the eyes with two black beads; bar the velvet body across with gold thread and finish it off with a line of gold thread where it

joins the wings. Cover the back of the buckram with black velvet and sew a loop of wire into the velvet through which to pass a hairpin.



CROCHET EDGING.

This is a useful pattern for trimmings. The work is commenced from the centre, the foundation-chain forming the waved line. To work: Make a foundation-chain a third longer than the required length. First row—miss first chain and work eighteen double crochet along chain, then make five chain, and, turning the back to the right, join it with a single to the eleventh stitch of the eighteen double crochet on this chain, work four single crochet, repeat the eighteen double crochet to the end, and fasten off. Second row—commence at the fourth stitch of the double crochet on each row, work two double\*, then three chain and one treble in the centre of the four single of last row, two chain and one treble in the same stitch as last treble, three chain and two single in the centre of the ten double crochet of last row, repeat from \* to the end. Third row—\*, work five double crochet into five consecutive stitches of last row, make three chain and form a picot, or loop, upon the fifth double crochet, and repeat from \* to end of row. Fourth row—\*, work five chain, looping the fifth into the third to form a picot, and then three chain, miss five stitches of last row, counting the one with the loop upon it as the centre stitch, and fasten the chain to work with a single and repeat from \*. To form the edge: First row—turn the work so as to crochet on the foundation-chain made at the beginning of the pattern, and commence at the first of the nine stitches, which form a half circle, and on it work one chain and one treble alternately nine times, then one chain, and, missing nine stitches between the half circles, repeat the chain and treble stitches. Second row—commence on the third treble stitch of the last row, \* make chain and loop back to third to form a picot, then two chain, then miss one chain on the foundation-row and work one treble on the next treble stitch of last row, repeat from \* until five treble stitches are made; then miss between the scallops and work one treble on the third treble of next scallop; repeat until the edging is completed. The effect of this edging is shown in out.

## Fashion Department.

### FASHION NOTES.

**Lace Dresses.**—These are expensive novelties for full-dress occasions, such as hops at the seaside in late summer or early autumn. One model is of black French lace, made up over black surah satin, trimmed with a profusion of jet and black satin ribbons. Another is of guipure netting over plain black silk. Still another, more suitable for young ladies, is of cream-white Oriental netting over cream-white surah,

trimmed with the Oriental lace edging and fringe and ornaments of pearl or iridescent beads. Beaded netting is sometimes combined with the plain. Occasionally the beaded netting forms the sleeves and fills up the open neck.

**More Novelties.**—Every season brings its novelties, many of which are beautiful at the time and also useful, as giving a variety of employment to tasteful fingers, besides making few costumes answer for many. One of these novelties consists of pretty little jackets

of Swiss, mull, or foulard, which, though little in themselves, present a very dressy effect. Most of these are fitted by shirring and trimmed with Valenciennes or Oriental lace. **Novel fabrics** for late summer wear are known as sylphide and Persian gauze. The former is a sort of a lawn, resembling Scotch gingham, woven in small tartan plaids. The latter is a light silk mull, covered with dark, rich, conventional patterns similar to those seen in Persian rugs.

The popular mantle for the present season, so far as one is worn at all, is a small one of black lace. Generally it takes the form of a small lace cape, beaded or not, according to taste. This partially divides favor with a large fichu of French lace. A novelty in lace capes is seen in those worked with gold thread or lined with bright-colored silk. Other mantles are of écoré guipure-lace, trimmed with gold lace or écoré velvet. Similar to these are capes of écoré camel's hair, embroidered with gold thread and appliqué work in écoré kid, brown chenille, and velvet, or bordered with bands of ostrich feathers. The latter styles are suitable for early fall.

**Between-season Costumes.**—The most serviceable, and perhaps the most satisfactory in every sense, are those of foulard and pongee silk. India foulards are preferred to French. Most of these come in dark grounds, as navy-blue or seal-brown, having a simple figure, such as a white or pink bud. These are made up alone or in combination with a plain material. A skirt of foulard or dark, low-priced checked silk, is worn with an overdress of light or dark cashmere, the latter being trimmed with the silk or velvet, plain or figured, of the same or of a contrasting color. The light checked silks, trimmed with velvet, which were so popular at the beginning of the season, will be worn throughout early fall.

**Hosiery.**—Some of the new styles in stockings are, to say the least, decidedly eccentric. One conceit is slender green snakes coiled around the instep. Pale blue stockings have gone entirely out of favor, except when used occasionally to match a costume; pale pink ones survive, but are not seen to the extent that they were a year ago. The favorite stocking, which promises to remain a standard fashion, no matter what novelties *La Mode* may show, is all-black, either of silk or Lisle-thread. Black hosiery is worn with all styles of shoes, high and low, upon all occasions, grave or gay, and with all costumes, from the simple calico morning-robe to the gorgeous reception or dinner-dress. All wear black stockings, old or young, and they range in size from one suitable for the largest lady to that intended for the smallest infant. Owing to the wide latitude allowed in their wearing, black stockings seem the most desirable to purchase, besides which, they will be found more serviceable, as they do not soil so easily as lighter colored.

**New Shoes.**—Probably not before the first frosts will there be a universal return to the use of high, buttoned, kid boots, though these, of course, are always the standard, especially for street wear. The shoe generally used for ordinary occasions is the Oxford or Newport tie or a modification of it, depending on the number of loose pieces in front or the loops used in tying, for a distinctive name. The prevalence of black stockings makes it possible to wear a low shoe at times when formerly such a practice would have been considered out of place.

When an Oxford tie is not worn, its place is supplied by a low-cut slipper, of black kid, often without any ornament whatever, not even a black bow. These plain slippers are sometimes worn, even upon full-dress occasions, though slippers of fancy colors, or

trimmed with jet and satin, are still seen. The effort to revive laced shoes continues. The newest fancy promises to be low-laced shoes, with colored laces. Shoes are now uniformly made with broad soles and low heels, the high French heel, long ago frowned down upon, now being positively banished. **Novel shoes**, for the seaside, mountain, or country, are of canvas, generally of an écoré tint, sometimes blue. **Lawn-tennis shoes** are of canvas, with rubber soles. **Bed-room slippers** are of canvas, without heels.

**New hats and bonnets** are less eccentric in shape and smaller in size than many that have been worn lately. But, truth to tell, every shape and every size is in fashion. The newest bonnets are of black lace or satin, literally encrusted with beads. A pretty lace hat is made by arranging over a large black frame a piece of net, or an old-fashioned Brussels veil, thickly beading it, which can be done by almost any lady at home, and fastening upon one side a spray of roses, preferably dark red. **Feather-trimming breasts and wings** are preferred now to flowers or ostrich-plumes by way of addition to a hat trimmed with mull or velvet. The iridescent, changeable hues of the dove or pigeon are the favorite tints. **Early fall hats** will be of rough straw, simply trimmed with a wreath of autumn leaves or blackberry vines.

The Jersey glove is a long, close-fitting one, of worn silk, being about the length of a mousquetaire glove or ten-buttoned kid. It may be bought in all shades, like its namesake, the Jersey. The Jersey mitt is also of plain worn silk, with an equally long wrist, but with no fingers, and a very short place for the thumb. It looks precisely like a long glove, with the fingers cut off and the thumb reduced.

**Lingerie.**—In this there is very little new. Ladies who like a variety of neckwear, or wish to change the effect of a dress, attain their object by plaiting around the neck and down the front a great quantity of white tulle or inexpensive Oriental netting, and, having massed it down to the waist, draw the ends behind and tie them like a sash over the tournure. Or, they gather about the neck a large barbe of Spanish or guipure lace, and fasten it with a spray of flowers or bow of ribbon. These fashions are not new, but they are especially useful at this season in freshening up a partly worn summer dress for fall.

**New basques** promise to be very short. The fashion of trimming the bottom of a basque will probably be revived.

**Flower-bonnets** are whims which seem destined to appear and disappear at irregular intervals. Some of these are entirely of roses, violets, mignonettes, or forget-me-nots. One model has a crown of green ferns, with a border of purple pansies.

**Braided and embroidered costumes**, of serge, cloth, or cashmere, so fashionable throughout early spring and summer, will probably take on a new lease of life, and be worn well on toward midwinter. Some of these, the material for complete costumes put up in boxes, can now be purchased, if not at half price, at least at a lower rate than recently. The same may be said of embroidered sateens, cambrics, and the like, which though the profitable season for selling them is past, may be worn well into October. Many pretty, inexpensive dresses of various materials, generally of two or more colors, for combination suits, with suitable trimmings, come neatly packed and accompanied by a fashion-plate, at rates which seem surprisingly low—that is, from five dollars upward. Quite a nice woolsen costume of this size may be bought for ten dollars.

## Notes and Comments.

### A New Health Magazine.

**T**HE first number of a new magazine, *Dio Lewis's Monthly*, has just been issued by Clarke Brothers, 68 Bible House, New York. "While it will not," say the publishers, "be devoted exclusively to hygienic themes, it will, in considerable part, discuss those subjects which may be fairly ranged under the head of Sanitary Science, giving special attention to questions of personal hygiene."

Dr. Dio Lewis has been for many years prominent as a health reformer, and in his new magazine we may expect to have the results of his large experience and wide observation. On the food question he is not an extremist. "He has never been," say his publishers, "a vegetarian. \* \* \* He believes in the pleasures of the table, and would multiply them indefinitely. His discussions of food will answer the question—How can we get most pleasure in eating?"

How shall we get the most health in eating, were, we think, the better and wiser consideration. And if we read the Doctor aright, this is involved in his proposition. "Thousands of people," he says, "starve themselves into thinness, paleness, and nervousness, by living on white bread and sweet things, and sleeping too little. Oat-meal, cracked wheat, Graham bread, and beef, with plenty of sleep, would make them plump and ruddy. Good beef, good bread, exercise, sunshine, pure air, temperance, cleanliness, abundant sleep, a cheerful temper, and a hundred other things, are every man's meat and no man's poison. It is true there are some things which one man can bear and another cannot, but they are of doubtful utility."

Speaking of alcohol and tobacco, the Doctor says: "These terrible enemies often find us defenseless. Our craving stomachs call for stimulus. Bad food, badly cooked, is the cause of much of this uneasiness and longing of the stomach. A wife who smells her husband's breath will help him much more by good food than by bitter words. Pies, cakes, puddings, fries, heavy bread, strong coffee and tea, play the mischief with the stomach; then it calls for some stimulus. Good beef and mutton, light, sweet bread, and good vegetables, taken in moderate quantities, with a discreet use of lemon juice, will prevent much of the craving for drink and tobacco."

### Obstinacy in Children.

**T**HE strong self-will of parents is often carried to an unjust and hurtful extreme in attempting to break down what they regard as obstinacy in a child, but which may be only the effect of an abnormal or diseased condition of the mind, stung by a feeling of injustice or paralyzed by a sense of fear. Mrs. Jameson relates the following incident in her own early experience:

"I do not think," she says "that I was naturally obstinate, but remember going without food all day

and being sent hungry and exhausted to bed, because I would not do some trifling thing required of me. I think it was to recite some lines I knew by heart. I was punished as willfully obstinate. But what no one knew, but what I know now as the fact, was that after refusing to do what was required, and bearing anger and threats in consequence, I lost the power to do it. I became stone; the will was petrified, and I absolutely could not comply. They might have hacked me to pieces before my lips could have unclosed to utterance. The obstinacy was not in the mind, but in the nerves; and I am persuaded that what we call obstinacy in children, and grown-up people, too, is often something of this kind; and it may be increased by mismanagement, by persistence, or what is called firmness, in the controlling power, into disease or something near to it."

### Enormous Consumption of Alcoholic and Fermented Liquors.

**T**HE following table, giving the revenue derived by our Government from distilled and fermented liquors during the past twenty years, will surprise most of our readers. It shows the consumption of those beverages, so destructive to the health, morals, prosperity, and happiness of the people to be increasing in a ratio far beyond the increase of population. That crime, pauperism, drunkenness, and insanity should likewise increase, can be no matter of surprise. The present revenue system went into operation September 1st, 1862.

Fiscal years ended June 30th.	Receipts from Distilled Spirits.	Receipts from Fermented Liquors.
1863, . . . .	\$5,176,530	\$1,628,934
1864, . . . .	36,329,149	2,299,009
1865, . . . .	18,731,422	3,734,928
1866, . . . .	33,268,172	5,220,553
1867, . . . .	33,542,952	6,057,501
1868, . . . .	18,655,631	5,956,769
1869, . . . .	45,071,231	6,099,879
1870, . . . .	55,606,094	6,319,127
1871, . . . .	46,281,818	7,389,502
1872, . . . .	49,475,516	8,258,498
1873, . . . .	52,099,372	9,324,938
1874, . . . .	49,444,090	9,304,680
1875, . . . .	52,081,991	9,144,004
1876, . . . .	56,426,365	9,571,281
1877, . . . .	57,469,430	9,480,789
1878, . . . .	50,420,816	9,937,052
1879, . . . .	52,570,285	10,729,320
1880, . . . .	61,185,509	12,829,803
1881, . . . .	67,153,975	13,700,241
1882, . . . .	69,873,498	16,153,920
Total, . . .	\$904,863,786	\$163,130,828

SOUTHEY says, in one of his letters: "I have told you of the Spaniard who always put on his spectacles when about to eat cherries, that they might look bigger and more tempting. In like manner, I make the most of my enjoyment, and, though I do not cast my eyes away from my troubles, I pack them in as little compass as I can for myself, and never let them annoy others."



### Making a Home.

THE following sensible remarks are commended to those who contemplate marriage and the establishment of a home:

"Young people anxious to begin life for themselves find an apparently insuperable difficulty in the fact that they desire to begin just where their parents are already, and not unfrequently on a much higher plane, so far as luxurious living is concerned. The depths of the furniture and carpet warehouses will reveal to them the fact that the world at large is not resting its limbs on brass bedsteads or specially designed furniture of elegant and costly woods. They will learn that good taste in the manufacture of furniture has adapted itself to their purse; that ingrain carpets are much more prevalent than Axminster or Wilton, and that here, also, good taste in manufacture has not placed them beyond the pale of a purchaser. They will find that there is a great deal of solid comfort taken in homes other than the stately mansions or the airy country-seat, and if they have any common sense in their make-up they will drift toward matrimony as naturally as water runs down-hill. The whole matter is a question of comfort rather than a question of luxury."

### Effect of Color on Liquids.

GERMAN paper makes the statement that liquors contained in colorless bottles, when exposed for some time to the light, acquire a disagreeable taste, notwithstanding the fact that they may have been of superior quality before being so treated; liquors contained in brown or green bottles, however, remain unchanged in quality, even if exposed to direct sunlight. This phenomenon has not received proper attention heretofore, and it is asserted that quality has often been sacrificed for the sake of outward appearance. Since the results of the above treatment are due to the chemical action of light, it is suggested as advisable to use red, orange, yellow, green, or opaque bottles for the preservation of liquors, and not colorless blue and violet ones.

## Publishers' Department.

### "ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE."

THE increasing popularity of the HOME MAGAZINE is seen in its rapidly growing subscription-list, which is now larger, with a single exception, than that of any other literary monthly magazine in Philadelphia.

Identified with the people in all their home interests and social relations, the HOME MAGAZINE has been, and will continue to be, just what its name implies. It has always occupied a field especially its own, and meets a want which no other periodical supplies. Its pages are always kept free from everything that can deprave the taste or lower the moral sentiments.

How well the editor and publishers have succeeded in their effort to give a Magazine of the highest moral tone, yet replete with interest for nearly all classes of readers, the general voice of the press and the warm words of satisfaction and approval that come to us from subscribers all over the land bear ample witness.

### Terms of Subscription for 1883.

1 Copy, one year, . . . . .	\$2.00
2 Copies, " . . . . .	3.50
3 " " . . . . .	5.00
4 " " . . . . .	6.00
8 " " and one to club-getter, . . . . .	12.00
15 " " . . . . .	20.00

New subscribers for 1883 will receive, free, the November and December numbers of 1882. Specimen numbers, 10 cents.

From four to eight pages of Butterick's fashion illustrations, with prices of patterns, are given in every number.

Additions to clubs can always be made at the club-rate.

It is not required that all the members of a club be at the same post-office.

Remit by Postal Order, Draft, or Registered Letter.

Be very careful, in writing, to give your post-office address and also that of your subscribers. Always give Town, County, and State.

Subscribers who wish a change of address must give notice as early as practicable after receipt of a number, and in all cases before the tenth of the succeeding month, as no change of address can be made between the tenth and twentieth of any month.

BUTTERICK'S PATTERNS.—We will send any size or kind of Butterick's patterns to any address, post-paid, on receipt of price.

### EXHAUSTION FROM OVERWORK.

In this country nearly every man engaged in active business or in any of the professions is overworked. This continuous overwork makes a constant drain upon the vital forces, and their exhaustion is only a matter of time. The breakdown, if the drain continues, is sure to come. Too often it is not simply the complete nervous prostration of which we see and hear so much—the reduced vitality leaves the system exposed to attacks from any disease which may happen to be epidemic, or for which there may be a constitutional tendency. Colds, when there is a low degree of vitality and any pulmonary susceptibility, too frequently end in pneumonia. Serious inflammations and congestions often occur. Indeed, under the conditions referred to, no one is safe from attacks which may prove fatal.

For this condition of reduced vitality no agent has been discovered which acts as promptly as Compound Oxygen. It rarely fails to give new life to the exhausted nerves.

Take the following case of a clergyman in Ontario, Canada, which is only one in many hundred of cases which we have treated with equal success. From his letter, dated February 15th, 1883, we quote the following:

"My health began to fail in January of '81, and in March an acute inflammation of the peritoneum was followed by complete nervous prostration. In the summer I recruited a little, but the fall work brought on a yet more serious collapse of nervous power, overtaxation of mind and body then, as before, being the cause.

"I left home in December for entire rest and change of air and scene. When once the strain was off I found myself without strength, so that I could barely walk across the room. I was just beginning to regain strength when your course of Oxygen came to hand. For a lengthened period anterior to my sickness I suffered from sleeplessness, often sleeping only one or two hours a night; frequently I had severe neuralgia pains in the head or back.

"I have been taking the Oxygen now six weeks—living generously meanwhile—and the result is, that I can now sleep well; my nervous action is daily growing stronger, and I am again resuming my parochial duties, gradually bringing my young strength into use. I have a vigorous, healthy feeling, to which I have long been a stranger."

See advertisement of Drs. Starkey & Palen on fourth page cover this number HOME MAGAZINE.

## PURCHASING AND SUPPLY DEPARTMENT.

We have established a **Purchasing and Supply Department** in connection with our Magazine, through which any one residing at a distance from the city may secure the services of a person of experience, good taste, and judgment in the selection and forwarding by mail or express any articles that may be desired, such as **ladies' and children's wearing apparel, goods for household use and decoration (as furniture, carpets, and upholstery, china, glass, and silver ware, pianos, parlor organs, scientific instruments, etc., etc.), art materials, whether for painting, drawing, or fancy needlework, etc., etc.**

Stamped patterns and designs for needlework and various styles of embroidery will be selected and forwarded. The lady in charge of our "**Art at Home**" Department will answer all inquiries in regard to style or cost of material for any desired article. In cases where the materials and appropriate designs for **ornamental needlework** are wanted, she will, if the matter is left to her taste and experience, select both the design and material.

Thus, at a comparatively trifling charge, persons at a distance from the city can secure the services of an **experienced and reliable person, of good taste and judgment**, in the selection of any articles they may desire to purchase, getting through this person an advantage in the market which they would hardly be able to obtain if here and shopping for themselves.

**Five per cent.** will be charged on the price of goods ordered and supplied. Where the amount purchased is below five dollars, twenty-five cents will be the commission on each transaction. No commission will be charged for buying paper-stamping patterns or for stamping where the material is furnished. On all other purchases the commission as above.

When **samples** are requested, twenty-five cents must be inclosed. If goods are afterward ordered, this sum will be deducted from the bill.

All inquiries from those who desire to make purchases will be promptly answered.

All orders must be accompanied by the amount of bill, including charges.

Goods forwarded by express or mail at the purchaser's risk.

Address **T. S. ARTHUR & SON,**  
227 S. Sixth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

## Answers to Correspondents.

(R. S. T.)—Gloves in either kid or silk can be bought in all colors from 75 cents up to \$2.00. Ostrich tips from 75 cents a bunch up to \$5.00; lace bunting, for 31 cents, \$1.00, and \$1.50; cashmere in all shades, from 50 cents up to \$1.50.

(T. S. M.)—We design monograms for any purpose desired.

(D. C. R.)—We have a number of designs for splashers, shams, etc., different from the ones shown in the Magazine. The prices are the same.

(R. S. M.)—The Langtry bang can be bought for \$10.00. It will cover all the top of the head and is warranted not to come out of curl.

(F. S. G.)—Dresses this autumn are to be worn very plain in the skirt, with no overdresses, but with long basques reaching to the knee. Camel's-hair and mixed cloths will be in great demand.

(R. S. H.)—Embroidery silk is 50 cents for a one-half ounce spool. Embroidery cotton, white or colored, is 20 cents for one-half dozen skeins.

(R. S. H.)—Your pink cashmere would look very well turned in at the neck and trimmed down the front and around the neck with cream-colored Irish point, embroidered with pink. It can be bought for from 75 cents to \$2.00 a yard, according to the width. That at 75 cents is about three inches deep. This lace comes embroidered in all colors, and is very effective on light-colored dresses.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

# HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC VETERINARY SPECIFICS

FOR THE CURE OF ALL DISEASES OF  
Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Dogs, Hogs & Poultry.  
For Twenty Years Humphreys' Veterinary  
Specifics have been used by Farmers, Stock-  
breeders, Horse R.R., Travel's Hippodromes,  
Menageries and others with perfect success.

### LIST OF SPECIFICS.

A.A. Cures Fevers and Inflammation, Milk Fever, Spinal Meningitis, Hog Cholera.	75c.
B.B. Cures Founder, Spavin, Stiffness.	75c.
C.C. Cures Distemper, Nasal Discharges.	75c.
D.D. Cures Bots or Grubs, Worms.	75c.
E.E. Cures Cough, Heaves, Pneumonia.	75c.
F.F. Cures Colic or Gripes, Biliaryache.	75c.
G.G. Prevents Abortion.	75c.
H.H. Cures all Urinary Diseases.	75c.
I.I. Cures Eruptive Diseases, Mange, &c.	75c.
J.J. Cures all Diseases of Digestion.	75c.
Veterinary Case (black walnut) with Vet- erinary Manual, (300 pp.), 20 bottles of Medicine, and Mediator.	\$8.00
Mediator.	35

These Veterinary Cases are sent free to any address on receipt of the price, or any order for Veterinary Medicine to the amount of \$5 or more.

Humphreys' Veterinary Manual (300 pp.) sent free by mail on receipt of price, 50 cents.

Pamphlets sent free on application.

**HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC MED. CO.**  
109 Fulton Street, New York.

**BIG PAY** to sell our Rubber Printing Stamps. Sam-  
ples free. **TATLOR BROS. & CO.,** Cleveland, O.

**SUPERFLUOUS HAIR.** Madame Wambold's Specific  
permanently removes Superfluous Hair without in-  
juring the skin. Send for a circular. Madame Wambold,  
198 West Springfield Street, Boston, Mass.

**50 Large, Fancy Advertising Cards,** all gold, no  
two alike, 30 cts. **CARD CO.,** Montpelier, Vt.

**PACK** Handsome Written Cards, 30c. Circular free.  
**PROF. MADARASZ,** Box 2105, N. Y. City.

**BUGGIES** Best work in the U. S. for the money.  
**ENTERPRISE CARRIAGE CO.,** Cincin-  
nati, O. Write for Catalogue No. 8. Free.

# FROM THE PRESIDENT OF BAYLOR UNIVERSITY.

"Independence, Texas, Sept. 26, 1882.

"Gentlemen:

## Ayer's Hair Vigor

has been used in my household for three reasons:

- "1st. To prevent falling out of the hair.
- "2d. To prevent too rapid change of color.
- "3d. As a dressing.
- "It has given entire satisfaction in every instance.

"Yours respectfully,

"WM. CAREY CRANE."

**AYER'S HAIR VIGOR** is entirely free from uncleanly, dangerous, or injurious substances. It prevents the hair from turning gray, restores gray hair to its original color, prevents baldness, preserves the hair and promotes its growth, cures dandruff and all diseases of the hair and scalp, and is, at the same time, a very superior and desirable dressing.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists.

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# BAKING POWDER

**Absolutely Pure.**

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength, and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders.

Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall Street, New York.

# AYER'S SARSAPARILLA

is a highly concentrated extract of Sarsaparilla and other blood-purifying roots, combined with Iodide of Potassium and Iron, and is the safest, most reliable, and most economical blood-purifier that can be used. It invariably expels all blood poisons from the system, enriches and renews the blood, and restores its vitalizing power. It is the best known remedy for Scrofula and all Scrofulous Complaints, Erysipelas, Eczema, Ringworm, Blotches, Sores, Boils, Tumors, and Eruptions of the Skin, as also for all disorders caused by a thin and impoverished or corrupted condition of the blood, such as Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Rheumatic Gout, General Debility, and Scrofulous Catarrh.

## INFLAMMATORY RHEUMATISM CURED.

"AYER'S SARSAPARILLA has cured me of the Inflammatory Rheumatism, with which I have suffered for many years.

"W. H. MOORE.

"Durham, Ia., March 2, 1882."

PREPARED BY

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Sold by all Druggists; \$1, six bottles for \$5.

# JAMES PYLE'S



# PEARLINE

THE BEST THING KNOWN FOR  
WASHING AND BLEACHING

IN HARD OR SOFT, HOT OR COLD WATER.

**SAVES LABOR, TIME and SOAP AMAZINGLY,** and gives universal satisfaction. No family, rich or poor should be without it.

Sold by all Grocers. **BEWARE** of imitations well designed to mislead. **PEARLINE** is the **ONLY SAFE** labor-saving compound, and always bears the above symbol, and name of **JAMES PYLE, NEW YORK.**



Removes constipation, biliousness, headache, indigestion &c. as by a charm.

THE DOSE IS SMALL, THE ACTION PROMPT, THE TASTE DELICIOUS.

**SUPERIOR TO PILLS**

and all other system-regulating medicines.

Ladies and children like it. Price, 25 cents. Large boxes, 50 cents.

**SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS**

## PEARLS IN THE MOUTH



## BEAUTY & FRAGRANCE

ARE COMMUNICATED TO THE MOUTH BY

## SOZODONT,

which renders the teeth white, the gums rosy and the breath sweet. It thoroughly removes tartar from the teeth and prevents decay.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

30 Fine, White, Gold Edge Cards, name on, 10 cts. Sample Book, 25 cts. An elegant imported Birthday Card, 10 cts. F. M. SHAW & CO., Jersey City, N. J.

## MOTHERS,



Protect your Babes from Colds, Coughs, and Croup, by dressing them in the Merino Drawers for Infants. They are made in sizes to fit children from three months to three years of age, are neat, warm, cheap, and convenient of adjustment. Attached to waist or undershirt by buttons or safety-pins, quickly removed and replaced when necessary, and not liable to become soiled. Physicians highly recommend them.

Sold by dealers in ladies' and children's underwear generally. Manufactured by

FLAVELL BROS.,

Patented June 20th, 1882.

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## CATARRH

To any suffering with Catarrh or Bronchitis who earnestly desire relief, I can furnish a means of Permanent and Positive Cure. A Home Treatment. No charge for consultation by mail. Valuable Treatise Free. Certificates from Doctors, Lawyers, Ministers, Business-men. Address Rev. T. P. CHILDS, Troy, Ohio.



THE STANDARD SILK OF THE WORLD!

INSIST ON BEING SHOWN THE **ELDREDGE** SEWING MACHINE, CHICAGO and NEW YORK

## OPIUM

Habit easily cured with CHLORIDE OF GOLD  
LESLIE E. KEELEY, M. D., SURGEON, C. & A. R. R.  
DWIGHT, Illinois.

A KEY THAT AND NOT  
WILL WHILE WEAR OUT.  
SOLD FREE J. & BIRCH & CO., 38 Day St., N. Y.

\$66 a week in your own town. Terms and \$5 outfit free. Address H. HALLET & Co., Portland, Me.

\$5 to \$20 per day at home. Samples worth \$5 free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Me.

Hardy Ferns, Orchids, Water Lilies, etc., for fall setting. 25 varieties Ferns (50 plants) by express, \$6.00. 15 varieties (30 plants), \$3.00. 10 varieties, free by mail, \$1.00. 10 Orchids or 3 Water Lilies (9 plants), by mail, \$1.00. Send stamp for list. F. H. HORSFORD, Charlotte, Vt.

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# COMPOUND OXYGEN

## FOR CHRONIC DISEASES.

### CHRONIC NASAL CATARRH.

In February last a case of chronic nasal catarrh, of a very serious character, was submitted to us for treatment. In a month after commencing the use of Compound Oxygen very great improvement was reported. On the 16th of April, a month later, the father of the patient sent us the following statement of the great benefit his son had received:

"Since I wrote you last, the change for the better is wonderful. My son looks and acts like another boy. He says that he feels as if he were not the same that he was a month ago. All he complains of now is headache and weakness in the back, though he does not suffer one-tenth what he did before he commenced using your Oxygen. He had not breathed through his nostrils to do any good for two years; now he can breathe freely. The sense of smelling was almost destroyed; it is gradually returning now. I cannot find words to express my feelings of gratefulness for the returning health of my son. Our neighbors all see the change and speak of it."

No treatment known to the medical profession can cure a case of nasal catarrh which has progressed as far as this one, and as for the various advertised methods of treatment by the inhalation of crude drug vapors or the injection of medicated solutions, by which the irritated and sensitive mucous membranes are still further injured, they only make the disease worse. There may be a temporary relief because of deadened sensibility from acrid drugs, but in the end the remedy will be found to have been worse than the disease.

In Compound Oxygen, which regenerates the blood and gives to the system a new vitality, and thus enables it to throw off the impurities which have been poisoning life at the very fountains—we have the only sure, safe, and rational means of cure yet discovered. Some of the worst cases of nasal catarrh which we have ever seen have been cured by Compound Oxygen.

### HEMORRHAGE FROM THE LUNGS.

The following letter, addressed to Dr. Turner, who has charge of our depository, at No. 862 Broadway, New York, is commended to all who are suffering from hemorrhages from the lungs. It is only one of many cases in which bleeding from the lungs has been almost immediately arrested by Compound Oxygen and its recurrence prevented.

"334 W. Eleventh Street, New York City, }  
May 10th, 1888. }

"DR. JOHN TURNER: Dear Sir:—As I am very thankful and grateful for the results of the 'Compound Oxygen,' I think it right that I should give you some record of my case.

"I have been using the 'Compound Oxygen' from your office since January 27th last, and am now able to go out every day for an hour or two, which I have not been for nine months past. I was taken with what the doctors called bronchial congestion of the lungs, with severe and continued hemorrhages of the lungs, which lasted from two to three days at a time. These hemorrhages commenced in July, 1882, and lasted until January, 1888, and, of course, I was utterly prostrated for weeks after.

"I have had no hemorrhages since I commenced to take the 'Oxygen' in January last. I have been under the care of many doctors, but all considered my case hopeless.

Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen is sent free of charge. It contains a history of the discovery, nature, and action of this new remedy, and a record of many of the remarkable results which have so far attended its use.

DEPOSITORY IN NEW YORK.—Dr. John Turner, 862 Broadway, who has charge of our Depository in New York city, will fill orders for the Compound Oxygen Treatment and may be consulted by letter or in person.

DEPOSITORY ON PACIFIC COAST.—H. E. Mathews, 606 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California, will fill orders for the Compound Oxygen Treatment on Pacific Coast.

DRS. STARKEY & PALEN,

G. R. STARKEY, A. M., M. D.  
G. E. PALEN, Ph. B., M. D.

1109 and 1111 Girard St. (Between Chestnut & Market), Phila., Pa.

"I was examined by Professors L— and W—, and also by Dr. E—, and up to the middle of March last they all regarded my case as hopeless.

"At present I have about given up all medicines and rely upon the 'Compound Oxygen' alone. I am now on the second supply of the 'Compound Oxygen,' and consider myself well on to a complete cure.

"L. F. CLARK."

### BREAKING UP COLDS.

If the action of our Treatment never went further than to arrest and break up colds, it would be one of the greatest boons to humanity. Nearly all acute diseases which run swiftly to a fatal termination have their origin in colds. We have no hesitation in declaring that if Compound Oxygen were resorted to immediately on discovering that a cold had been taken and was centering itself on the chest, deaths from pneumonia would be of rare occurrence. The results which have followed the use of our Treatment in hundreds of cases warrants us in making this strong declaration, and we would be lacking in duty to the public were we not to make known as widely as possible an easy and almost certain means of preventing the development of this often fatal disease, and of other diseases, which, if not checked, slowly undermine the health and shorten life.

From a letter received last February from a lady in Salem, Mass., we take the following, in evidence of the prompt action of Compound Oxygen in cases of colds:

"When I last reported, I had a very severe cold, and two days afterward I had pains in the front part of the right lung half of one day, which the Compound Oxygen promptly removed. After that I steadily improved; appetite returned as before the cold, and it is now better than it has been since using your Treatment. . . .

"During the use of the first Treatment, I hardly knew what it was to feel throat. A friend, who is often at our house, said, one day, 'I have not seen you look so actived once since you used the Compound Oxygen,' to which I replied, 'I have not, and go up-stairs as briskly at 8.30 P. M., as I go down in the morning at 6.30.'

"I am quite well satisfied with what the Oxygen has done for me this winter, for I never did less coughing; the colds have been diminished at least one-half in severity; appetite vastly superior to what it has been at other similar seasons, and respiration improved. I have also broken up two severe colds for my youngest boy, a lad of sixteen, who always has had an inflamed throat and fearful cough. I do not think he has coughed once this winter."

A lady writing from Millinburg, Pa., says:

"My health is so much better that I can do my own work and am able to attend church every Sabbath and go to evening entertainments, etc., which I never expected to do. Have been using Compound Oxygen, for severe colds, on my boys this winter, and it has acted like a charm. I feel very grateful for what the Compound Oxygen has done in my case."

Another patient says, in a letter dated last March:

"My general health is good; while all around me are suffering from colds, I have escaped having any, and this is the first winter since I can remember that I have not had a severe cold, ending with a cough that always lasted several weeks. This I attribute to the use of Compound Oxygen, as I have used no other preventive."

REMOVAL!—The Office of the Home Magazine has been removed from 227 S. 6th St. to 920 WALNUT STREET.